

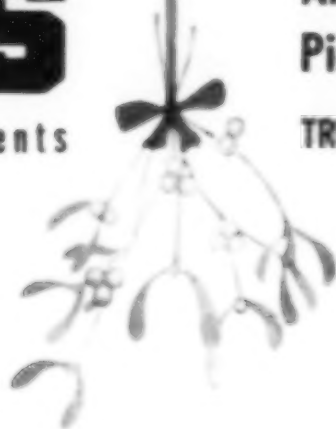
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
MACLEAN'S

December 1, 1949

Ten Cents

Maclean's
All-Canadian Rugby Team
Picked by Ted Reeve

TRUTH ABOUT GORDON SINCLAIR



REX WOODS

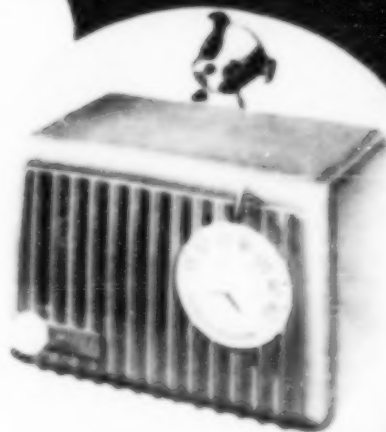
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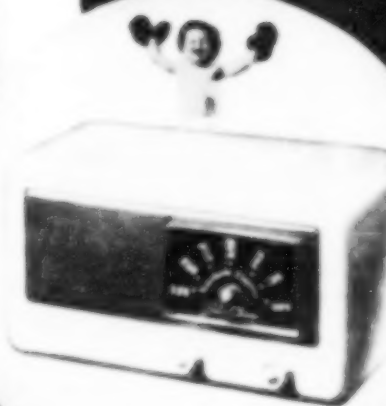
Highlights

When designing these four sets, tone was uppermost in our mind, for fundamentally a radio is a musical instrument and should be tuneful to the ear. The cabinets have been styled with full appreciation that a radio should also be pleasing in line and colour.



"MIDGE"

Developed for those who want a very small set without sacrifice in tone. The "Midge" is not much larger than your telephone set. Choice of six interior decorator shades.



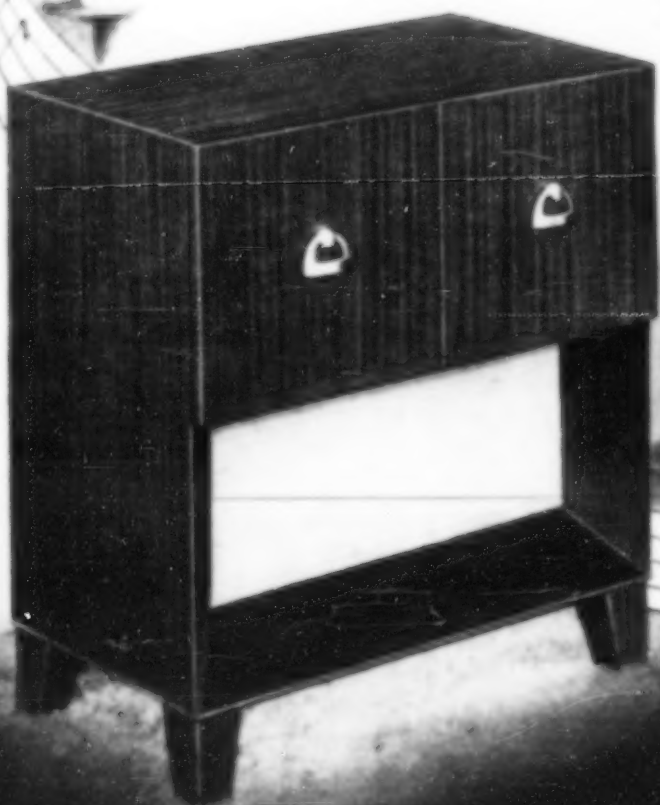
"Baby Champ"

The choice of thousands. It is a great all around performer. You can plug in a record player. Six lovely shades. You'll like its lines and colours.



"Topper"

A powerful mantel model. Tone control permits you to tune for tone as well as volume. Record player plug-in switch. Plastic in sand, cream, brown or green.

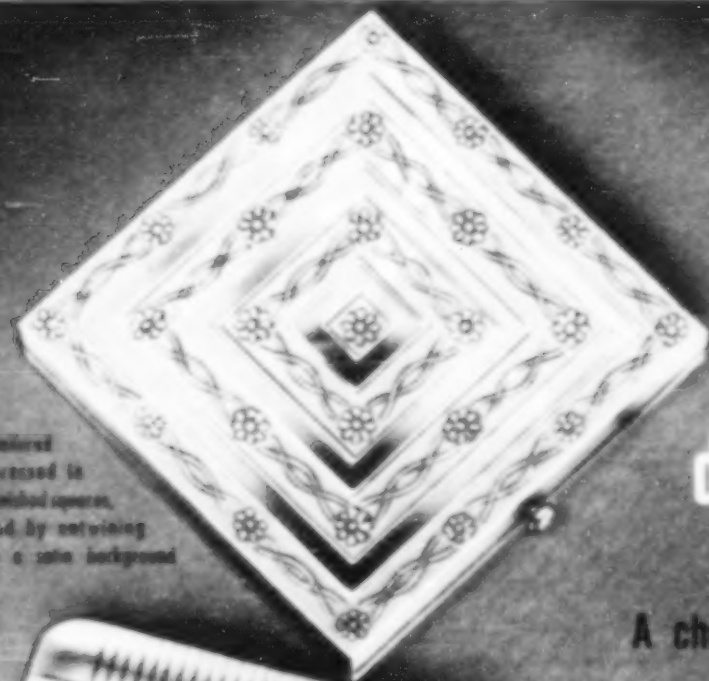


The Laurentian

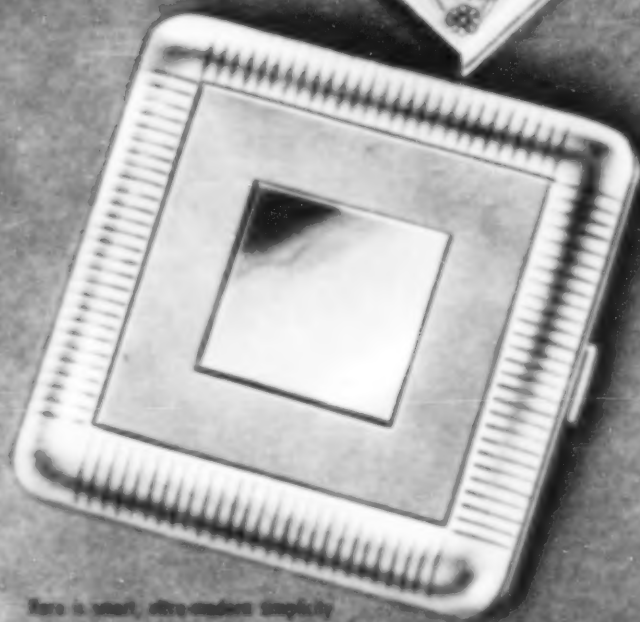
We set high standards for this radio-phonograph combination. The result is a quality instrument. The fully automatic record changer will play any type of record—standard, or the new 45 R.P.M., and also the long-playing recordings. The cabinet in either autumn walnut or red mahogany. The Laurentian is a fireside companion promising the maximum of listening pleasure.

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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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EDITORIALS

WE MUST IMPORT
EVEN IF IT HURTS

LAST MONTH Donald Gordon, deputy governor of the Bank of Canada, went to New York to tell the National Foreign Trade Council that North America must lower tariffs and import more if the world is to prosper.

It was a good speech; we agree with every word of it. Mr. Gordon was quite right in suggesting that the United States plays the major role here, and that Canada can't do much alone. Nevertheless, it's worth while pointing out that Canada must do her share. In spite of almost universal lip service to multilateral trade, plenty of Canadians are against it.

Devaluation of the pound has brought some of these to light. Sam Barron, Canadian director of the Textile Workers' Union, demands a Royal Commission to survey the effect of devaluation on the Canadian textile industry. He says it can't compete with British goods, now that the pound is cheap. Makers of table china have also been bombarding Ottawa, in private, with requests for more protection against the cheapened British product.

It's idle to blame them. Severe price competition is very unpleasant.

But Canada is now a mature industrial nation, well out of swaddling clothes. Our factories are much better equipped to stand competition than they have ever been. Canada is also a creditor nation—to our overseas customers—if we expect our money back, we will have to acquire an "unfavorable" balance of trade. We will have to buy more than we sell abroad, so our debtors can earn enough to pay what they owe.

When we do that, some Canadian industries may be hit. But we cannot afford to go on indefinitely bolstering up industries which can't stand on their own feet. If we were to listen to every plea for protection against overseas competition we would end by making it impossible for our overseas customers to earn any money here. Then they would be unable to buy goods from us, and the Canadian economy would be hit where it would hurt most—in the basic export industries on which all Canada depends.

Alas, Poor Shakespeare!

IN PARLIAMENT the other day John Diefenbaker was complaining about the Government's way of spending money. Parliament used to examine the estimates in advance, he said, but lately that rule had been "more honored in the breach than in the observance."

If Mr. Diefenbaker meant what he said, he'd be heartily in favor of order-in-council government and would think Parliament ought to break its nasty habit of scrutinizing the public accounts.

The line he quoted is from "Hamlet." The Prince and his friend Horatio are sitting on a battlement waiting for the Ghost to appear, when they hear a great uproar below. Hamlet explains that it's the King and his courtiers getting drunk, to music.

Horatio asks: Is that a custom?

Indeed it is, says Hamlet, but to his mind a custom "more honored in the breach than in the observance"—in other words, more honorably broken than observed. He hoped his fellow Danes would soon abandon a national vice that made them despised by the other nations.

As spoken by Hamlet the line is clear enough, but for some reason it got picked up by itself, out of context. People began to accept it as meaning the precise opposite of what it does mean. True, the words make no sense in this distorted usage, but they sound nice.

Personally, though, we have a prejudice in favor of sentences that mean what they say. We suggest to Mr. Diefenbaker, and his legion of fellow offenders, that the custom of misquoting Shakespeare is more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Here's your complete Christmas Gift Guide...

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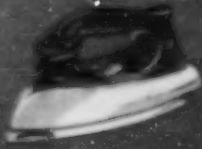
APPLIANCES



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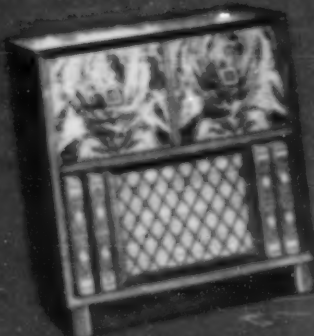
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give you a COLD!

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LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC
Quick!



Germs reduced up to 96.7% in tests

IF YOU have been in close contact with other people who have colds, or if your feet get wet or cold, or if you have been exposed to sudden changes of temperature, it's only sensible to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic as promptly as possible.

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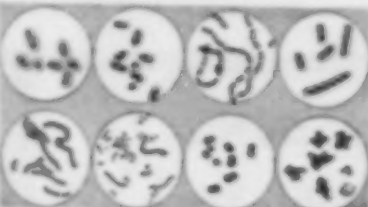
than those who did not gargle... and fewer sore throats.

So, remember, at the first hint of a cold, use Listerine Antiseptic. Better still, make the Listerine Antiseptic gargle a morning-and-night habit.

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"SECONDARY INVADERS," Potential Troublemakers

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TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IX, Streptococcus hemolyticus, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus viridans, Bacillus coliformis, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Streptococcus anem.

P. S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

MADE IN CANADA

In the Editors' Confidence

HANS HABE ("Nobody Has a Hundred Dollars," pages 18 and 19) is the man who first discovered Adolf Hitler's real name was Schicklgruber. This was when he was youngest chief editor in Europe on the Viennese paper Der Morgen. Habe had a scoop, all right, but the Nazis didn't like it. Habe was black-listed.

A foreign volunteer in the French Army in 1939, Habe was captured in 1940 but escaped to the U. S. This background helped produce his best-known book, "A Thousand Shall Fall," which was made into a movie called "The Cross of Lorraine." He's had six novels published, two of them translated into 14 languages.

Habe tells us that he has covered all important news events since the Abyssinian war, including about 100 international conferences. After his escape from a German prison camp he became an American G.I. and saw service in Africa, Italy and Europe. He ended up in Germany as a major with a Bronze Star with oak leaf clusters and two Croix de Guerre. After the war ended Habe ran the whole American-published German press until his discharge. Now he's in Hollywood writing movies, magazine articles and short stories like the one on page 18.

Our Frank Hamilton, whose misfortunes and escapades in getting articles have been chronicled in this space from time to time, landed in Quebec City on assignment the day the buses and streetcars went on strike. Hamilton lost upward of 10 pounds trudging down to the government buildings to interview Antoine Rivard, the famous Canadian legal eagle whose amazing story starts on page 7. He also went through one of the most frustrating experiences any ex-newspaperman can have.

Rivard took Hamilton completely into his confidence and told him he was working on the CPA



On his word of honor, Hamilton sat on a scoop, refused \$1,000.

plane crash which made headlines the day Hamilton hit town. Old newshawk Hamilton was one of the first reporters to reach the wrecked plane (he just went along for the trip, didn't write anything). When Rivard told him that they suspected the plane had been sabotaged and that the police intended arresting one Albert Guay on charges of murder, Hamilton found himself sitting on the hottest news story in Canada. Pledged in advance to keep it secret he could only circulate among the daily press with a knowing smile and the air of a man who's on the inside.

All this mystery was too much for a Toronto newspaper which (a) tried to hire Hamilton, and (b) offered him \$1,000 to find Marie Ange Robitaille, a pretty waitress who had once been friendly with Guay. Hamilton was the only newsmen in Canada who knew where the waitress was (Rivard had told him). But he couldn't break the pledge. Regretfully he turned down all offers and continued piecing together the three-part article which starts in this issue.

In doing so he lost another five pounds, which makes him only slightly less schmoopy than usual.



ORIGINALLY the plate in Artful Bess Woods' cover painting contained homemade cookies, but Woods, who is meticulous to a fault, visited a posh French patisserie and bought some aristocratic creations. To make sure his rough sketch was okay he asked the salesgirl whether his model was holding the silver correctly. She gave him a contemptuous look. "It just isn't done that way," she said. Woods persistently asked why. "M'sieu," came the icy reply. "A man either knows instinctively how it is done or he does not." Woods let instinct rule him.



Diminutive lawyer Rivard (centre), who lost only four of 39 murder cases, is now a potent political force. He's best bet to succeed Quebec's Premier Duplessis.

The Case of **THE POISONED CABBIE**

By FRANK HAMILTON

ANTOINE RIVARD, the tubby little Quebec Cabinet Minister who is reckoned French Canada's top criminal lawyer and the best bet to succeed Maurice Duplessis as leader of the Union Nationale, has often been referred to as "the Perry Mason of Quebec."

There is some truth in the sobriquet, for Rivard, who has defended 39 people charged with murder and lost only four cases, is not above using the surprise tactics which have made the fictional lawyer-detective's name a byword for courtroom flamboyancy. And some of his cases, like "the Case of the Poisoned Cabbie," lend themselves admirably to Erle Stanley Gardner titles.

In this astounding case, which opened in Sherbrooke, Que., in the autumn of 1930, Rivard fought doggedly and brilliantly for the life of Beatrice Chapdelaine who was accused of killing her husband by putting arsenic in his tomato soup. He saw her twice sentenced to hang in a grueling series of three trials, two appeals to the Appeals Court

and one to the Supreme Court, before he won her acquittal. He turned that trick in one of the most dramatic scenes ever witnessed in a Canadian courtroom.

Rivard is always dramatic—even in minor cases. He once saved a client by taking a leaf from the case book of the famous 19th-century Parisian lawyer Lachand. In this case Rivard knew that if the crown prosecutor succeeded in emphasizing a certain piece of evidence during his summation to the jury his client wouldn't stand a chance.

When the crown prosecutor began his summary Rivard became lost in thought, his fingers idly drumming on his desk. As the prosecutor neared the dangerous part of his address Rivard absent-mindedly, and without appearing to notice, dipped his left forefinger in his inkwell. With the air of a man deep in thought, his round face screwed up in concentration, his eyes staring straight ahead, he began to run his finger down the left side of his forehead and down his left cheek, leaving an

ink mark. Then slowly and with studied composure he quietly drummed his hand up the desk once more and again dipped his finger in the ink.

As Rivard straight-facedly traced ink designs on his left cheek, chin, ear and neck, he could feel the jurors, one by one, beginning to stare at him.

Soon the jury was completely engrossed in what Rivard was doing and the prosecutor's words were going over their heads. The jury was on Rivard's left and all of them could plainly see him. The prosecutor was too engrossed with his own oratory to notice what was going on, although neither he nor the judge, both of whom were in front of Rivard, could have seen the ink marks because Rivard's head was turned slightly to the left and they could only see the clean right side of his face.

When the prosecutor had passed the dangerous part of his summation Rivard suddenly appeared to notice what he had so absent-mindedly been doing and quietly left the courtroom to wash his face, returning in a

Continued on page 63

Beginning the Story of Antoine Rivard, Famous Criminal Lawyer

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A BUFFERIN tablet disintegrates rapidly in water or stomach liquids. But, what's more important, BUFFERIN is absorbed into the blood stream FAST (according to clinical tests, twice as fast as acetylsalicylic acid alone). It goes to work FAST in your body to relieve pain.

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because BUFFERIN is an antacid. The antacids in BUFFERIN actually protect your stomach from acetylsalicylic acid irritation.

For faster relief next time, ask your druggist for new antacid BUFFERIN—the modern pain-relieving remedy.

In handy 15-tablet, pocket package—or economical 45-tablet package for home use.



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In handy 15-tablet, pocket package—or economical 45-tablet package for home use.



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MEYERS
NOW AVAILABLE IN CANADA



From Alabama's Tide came Cassidy, a middle, to give a lift to Regina.



Reeve gives Wagoner, the Carolina scholar, top marks as Ottawa middle.



As Regina outside, Anthony showed the speed he'd learned in lacrosse.



Strode, Calgary's giant outside, makes pass-catching look simple.

MACLEAN'S ALL-CANADIAN

THE FOOTBALL season of 1949 was marked by (a) more American imports, (b) the adoption of the T formation by the majority of the teams, (c) the much more frequent use of the shifting or 5-4 defense and, unfortunately, (d) certain distressing signs indicating that if something constructive is not soon done to bolster intermediate and junior rugby football our game, like the Roman armies of old, may soon be turned over to the mercenaries.

The importing business, many of our clubs found out, can be as perplexing at times in football as it is in the budget of Sir Stafford Cripps. Ottawa and Calgary continued to show good judgment and some good luck in their choice of hired help from across the border. Montreal did fairly well mainly with imports who had already been acclimatized. Toronto Argonauts, somewhat out of practice at the business, almost ruined their season by uncertainty in this department and also by taking on the T formation with a cast ill-suited to its intricacies.

Some of the other outfits paid too much for too little or, when they did manage to capture a Clawson (Winnipeg), a Casey (Hamilton Wildcats), or the like, found that they did not have enough local talent for a supporting cast that could win. Regina (taking a leaf from the Calgary system of 1948 when they brought 'em in from Vancouver and Winnipeg as well as Honolulu) raided Eastern Canada as well as the Southern States and got pretty fair results in both directions. Thereby managing to supply the Stampeders with the season's most loyal opposition on the Prairies despite injuries to Holden, Regina's highly rated Florida quarterback.

Some splendid football was played. Three teams—Calgary, Ottawa and Montreal—when they had their full starting lineup on deck and a skilled Q.B. directing them—were perfect action pictures on the attack. Then the T formation and its variations made for large and at times exciting scores. The same formation

Continued on page 60



Casey, the Wildcats' imported halfback, starred for a team that didn't win once in the Big Four.



Loney of Ottawa is a snap who can still throw as far as the kicker.



Filchuck dodged a Montreal midriff to win Reeve's nod as quarterback.



In Ottawa's backfield, Turner ran, passed and caught 'em. Kicked, too.



For flying wing, Gold of Ottawa: "surest tackler in modern football."



Argos' Halfback Copeland plays with a circus touch.



Rattler Matheson, Calgary inside, makes the big team his first year.



Aguirre, Calgary, wins the other inside berth as an all-round man.

TED REEVE PICKS

All-Stars Of 1949 — Fast, Tough



Ted Reeve.

Quarterback

Frank Filcheck, Montreal

Flying Wing

Tony Golab, Ottawa

Halfbacks

Royal Copeland, Argonauts

Tom Casey, Hamilton Wildcats

Hewie Turner, Ottawa

Snap

Don Loney, Ottawa

Inside Wings

Rattler Matheson, Calgary

John Aguirre, Calgary

Middle Wings

John Wagener, Ottawa

Mike Cassidy, Regina

Outside Wings

Woodrow Strode, Calgary

Matt Anthony, Regina

of the office clerks accompany her, a nice, safe guy named Pearson, just her height so she could handle him if he got fresh. And I can't imagine Pearson getting fresh.

It isn't my fault she took that sightseeing bus and ended up in the Village.

However, rather than have you burst a blood vessel and so lose your business, I will look in on this guy. What's his name? His address? I hope the engineering consulting you are doing is more complete than the information you expect me to act on.

Relax, you old walrus.

Affectionately,
Fred.

CPE TELEGRAPH
TORONTO

JULY 25, 1949

FRED SJOBORG
SJOBORG CONTRACTING SUPPLY CO. NY—DON'T BE STUPID, FRED. YOU DON'T THINK SHE TOLD ME THE NAME OR ADDRESS? SHE KNOWS I'D TRY TO STOP IT. SHE'S TRYING TO SOFTEN ME UP. GET DETECTIVE FOLLOW HER. WHERE'S YOUR INITIATIVE AND IMAGINATION? HURRY. WHO KNOWS WHAT FOOL THING SHE'S DOING. GIL.

Sjoberg Contracting Supply
NYC

25 July, 1949.

Gilbert Breckenbridge
Gilbert Breckenbridge Associates,
Toronto.

Dear Gil,

Ann checked out of the Commodore. I guess she knew you'd get excited about this. But don't worry, I hired the McBranty Detective Agency. They're a good outfit. Not only did they find her right away (at the Astor) but she doesn't know she's being checked.

The way I see the situation, Gil, there's no point in doing just what Ann expects you to do, rush in like a bull in a china shop. I've given orders that I'm to be informed if there's any sign of a preacher being hired or a wedding being arranged. If that happens then I'll reluctantly step in and plead with them to wait. That's about all I can do.

I'm having a complete report of the young man's background and day-to-day reports of his activities sent to you, with carbon copies sent to me. The detective assigned will shadow Ann until she visits the young man. From then on you'll get a good idea of what's up.

Why don't you quit trying to live Ann's life? Haven't you any confidence in the way you've brought her up?

Fred.

CPE TELEGRAPH
TORONTO

JULY 27, 1949

FRED SJOBORG—SJOBORG CONTRACTING CO. NY—IF ANN WARRIES THAT LONG HAVE OUR FRIENDSHIP AND BUSINESS RELATIONSHIP IS FINISHED. YOUR CARELESSNESS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS SO YOU BETTER STRAIGHTEN IT OUT IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU. WON'T HAVE ANN RUNNING LIFE BECAUSE OF INEXPERIENCE. SHE'S JUST A CHILD. GILBERT BRECKENBRIDGE.

Sjoberg Contracting Supply
NYC

27 July, 1949.

Joe McBranty,
McBranty Detective Agency,
NYC.

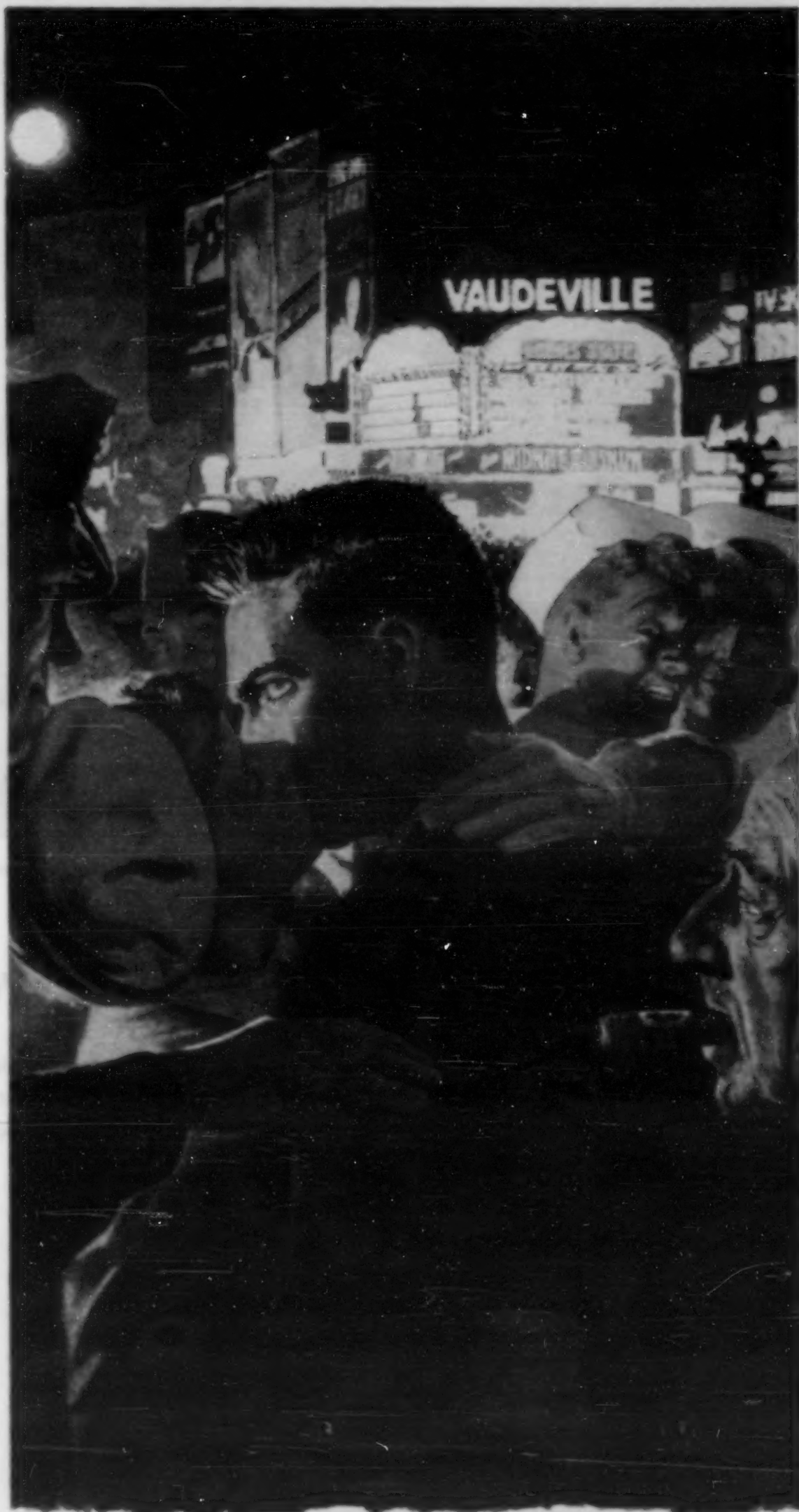
Dear Joe,

Here is the telegram enclosed that I spoke to you about on the phone. You've done many a neat confidential job for me, Joe, but believe this is the most important. Most of my Canadian business is done with Breckenbridge or through his influence. He's an old pal but as hot-headed a pirate as ever made his million. His daughter is the apple of his eyes (and what an apple) and if she marries this artist guy I'm cooked. No kidding, it's that serious.

So, first get the dope on him, and if it looks like a wedding don't hesitate to use some brute force. Slug him if necessary and shanghai him to China or something. Anything, but no wedding. See?

Sincerely,

Fred Sjoborg
Continued on page 49



This one had to be broken up by the law.



This kiss was tender...

Gilbert Breckenbridge Associates
Engineering Consultants
Toronto, Ont.

20 July, 1949.

Fred Sjoberg,
Sjoberg Contracting Supply,
NYC.

Dear Fred,

Please do something for me immediately. My daughter Ann has gone out of her mind. She writes me she's in love with some long-haired Bohemian in Greenwich Village. I've heard of that place. That's what I get for listening to her nonsense. A nineteen-year-old girl shouldn't be in N. Y. alone.

I want you to put her on a train immediately and send her home. She's at the Commodore.

Sincerely,

Gil Breckenbridge.

P. S. If you'd kept an eye on her as I asked you to this wouldn't have happened. I'd fly in to N. Y. myself if I weren't impossibly tied up. I'm counting on you.

Gilbert Breckenbridge Associates
Engineering Associates
Toronto, Ont.

20 July, 1949.

Ann Breckenbridge,
Commodore Hotel,
NYC.

Ann honey,

Don't do anything foolish or hasty, that's all I ask of you. I know how headstrong you are. You hardly know this young man. One foolish act now and your whole life could be wrecked.

What sort of family does the boy come from? And what kind of painting does he do? What is his income?

STOP THAT MARRIAGE

Case 1040 — Ann Breckenbridge:

Greeted young man in drug store with kiss. Kissed him in zoo — kissed him on Broadway while people stared. They are in love. This is serious, boss.

Signed — Holloway, Private Detective

By ROBERT ZACKS

ILLUSTRATED BY REX WOODS

Baby, you know I'm only looking out for your welfare. Why don't you hop a train or plane and come home and talk it over. Bring the young man, too. Let's get acquainted.

Your loving father,
Gil.

P. S. If you get married without me first okaying the boy, you won't get another penny from me.

Hotel Commodore
NYC

23 July, 1949.

Gil Breckenbridge,
Gilbert Breckenbridge Associates,
Toronto.

Dear Father,

I am quite sure of what I'm doing. I love Pete dearly. I won't bring him up to see you because I know exactly what will happen. You'll give Pete the business. So I'm going to marry him before you can stop us. Pete is a struggling artist with lots of talent. He hasn't any money and his father is a bookkeeper in Kansas and Pete is the youngest of eight children. It would break your heart to hear of their struggles and what Pete goes through trying to sell these stupid art editors who have no appreciation of talent.

Please, father, don't worry. I'm doing the right thing. I love him so very dearly. When I'm with him I feel safe and thrilled at the same time. It's such an adventure. You've sent me on chaperoned European tours twice and gave me my own car and a mink coat, but I never had the fun I have with Pete. We ate in a funny little Italian place. It smelled of garlic but it was nicer than any other place I ever ate because Pete was there.

Darling, I know that you want me to marry in my "class" as you put it. You're a lovable old stuffed shirt. You forget you have been through all the "classes" yourself in the last fifty years. If I bring Pete up to see you he'll only be nervous and awed at all the fancy furnishings and you will probably scare the living daylights out of him. He wouldn't look good at all up there to you.

So please forgive me if your threat to cut me off without a cent has no effect. Not only is Pete not a fortune hunter. I'm not either.

I'm sure that once you get over the shock you'll

just love him. I feel awful that you won't be at the wedding but I'm not going to risk you pulling some of your high-handed stunts.

Your loving daughter,
Ann.

Sjoberg Contracting Supply
NYC

23 July, 1949.

Gil Breckenbridge,
Gilbert Breckenbridge Associates,
Toronto.

Dear Gil,

I was a little annoyed at first by the tone of your letter. Then, as I looked it over, I got ever more annoyed. Just what do you expect me to do, kidnap her? Ann has a mind of her own.

And I *did* keep an eye on her. My secretary worked out a whole itinerary for her stay in New York. Shows, museums, night clubs. I had one



This one was passionate...



Radio's Sinclair (he loves trouble) said the new hats looked like spittoons.



Mrs. Sinclair sums up her hero: Egotism, laziness, and extravagance.

"Sinclair gets us into more brawls than all other newscasters combined because he's always tossing salty opinions. Gordon's built up the biggest daytime audience of them all. It's usually a feminine audience. One day he was talking about the new spring hats using all the milliner's technicalities. Then he turned true Sinclair and blurted, 'To me they mostly look like spittoons.' That caused a bullbalee and lost a good sponsor we never did get back."

Just three months ago Sinclair was at the Canadian National Exhibition doing a roundup. With an open microphone he approached Governor-General Lord Alexander and asked if the field-marshal would like to say a few pleasant words about the fair just before doing the official formalities.

"Well, really, I couldn't," Lord Alexander said. "That would really be advertising the exhibition and I couldn't do that now, could I?"

"Well, why not?" said Sinclair. "Isn't that what you came here for? Isn't that the immediate job—to advertise the exhibition? What else has your Excellency come here to do?"

This directness pays off by giving Sinclair one of the biggest and most loyal audiences in Canada but sometimes the audience puts up a big fuss.

Sinclair's jobs have included banking, bookkeeping, perfume, calendars, tires, reporting and radio in that order and he's been fired from every job he ever held. It's possible he holds the Toronto Star record for firings, having been given the heave-ho 10 times.

The last time was in 1943 when the Star gave him \$5,000 in cash to get out and stay out. Six years later they handed him an air ticket and an assignment to fly around the world by any route he liked. During that trip he was one of the last

out of Shanghai before the Communists came and one of the few Canadians in Berlin when the Russians lifted their blockade.

He has seen men die by shooting, drowning, burning, hanging and earthquake. He's covered wars, revivals, strikes, sinkings and art shows.

He's visited a dozen madist camps, interviewed such celebrities as Hitler, Gandhi, Roosevelt, Queen Elizabeth and the Pope and he was the last living man to speak with adventurer Richard Halliburton.

He swam in the Ganges, drifted down the Nile, crossed the Jordan, and posed beside the Suwanee, the Rhine and the Wahwah faraway.

A Rare Nose for Adventure

HIS VISITED nearly every country on earth and traveled by all kinds of transport from rickshaw to railway, from dog team to cable car and from bum boat to luxury liner.

Sinclair has twice fallen from boats in the middle of big lakes, twice been forced down in planes and once hit by a train going a mile a minute. He has three times found dead bodies.

A free lance in the cut-throat fields of writing and radio Sinclair is considered arrogant by many and cocky by most.

Gerald Brown, the city editor under whom Sinclair served longer than any other, puts it this way: "Sinclair could have been Canada's greatest newspaper reporter. He wasn't because he never absorbed the necessary iron discipline of the newsroom. As an individualist and a career rebel he was incapable of fully competent professional treatment of a story which did not whip up his

personal interest. On such a story any enthusiastic junior reporter could eclipse him. That trait made Sinclair in his newspaper days a heavy burden for any editor to carry.

"But on a story which sparked the eternal cub in the Sinclair make-up he could bring joy to his time-harried bosses. Fortunately that was most of the time. As one who on occasion suspiciously challenged and cross-checked the accuracy of some hair-raising Sinclair article I should like to vouch for his conscientious accuracy. Sinclair sees events through a special pair of eyes. And he has a rare nose for adventure. Things happen when Sinclair is around."

Among the challenged stories Brown mentions is Sinclair's scoop on the scuttling of the German pocket battleship Graf Spee. You remember that ship, chased into Montevideo, had to sail out of the harbor toward the guns of three much smaller British warships on December 17, 1939. On the chance that officials of the British Consulate would be watching the action Sinclair telephoned the South American city, got the consul personally on the wire and as he stood at the window watching the ship scuttle, the British official gave a firsthand account to Sinclair in Toronto.

When the story was turned in to the desk a subeditor was assigned to call Montevideo again to see if Sinclair had in truth been talking to the consul. The whole result had seemed a bit too good to be true. The surprised consul said, "Certainly he was talking to me. Why did you ask?"

Of Sinclair's immediate family there were 14 males: four born in Canada, 10 in the U. S. He likes to puncture American razzle-dazzle by pointing out that the four Canadians could buy and sell their 10 American cousins. *Cont. on page 39*

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL



Globe-trotter Sinclair (right) leans back and talks of Turkey and tornadoes, Hitler and hangings to eager scribe Sinclair (left).

The Inside Story of Gordon Sinclair

No one knows Sinclair better than egotist Sinclair (excepting Mrs. Sinclair). And when Maclean's told him to interview himself he said he had a great story there. A scoop, in fact. Follow him from a hobo jungle to the palace of Cooch Behar and see why he's Canada's best-known reporter

By GORDON SINCLAIR

AT THE HEIGHT of this year's Channel swimming season a much hollyhoed American schoolgirl, Shirley May France, went to England to splash the gap and quickly fell about of the newspapers. The chunky mermaid (who didn't make it) spent her 17th birthday sobbing that she was homesick and didn't like England.

Reading this as a news item over Toronto's CFRB, trouble-loving Gordon Sinclair couldn't help but blurt: "Okay Shirley, if it makes you feel happier, I don't like England either."

A moment later the switchboard spluttered. Over the next several hours it stayed red while bored operators drew abuse and insult in dialects ranging from Cockney to Cornish to Chester. For several days sponsors put smoothies to work with honeyed words.

To demands for apology Sinclair yawned some-

thing about liberty of opinion and to requests for further dope said there was none. He'd been to England at least a dozen times, he said, and didn't like the place.

"Stucks," he added, "why should I like England? Plenty of people don't like Canada; thousands don't like me. Do Canadians get heated up? Do I worry?"

Sinclair is a Canadian who is used to being in the middle of a rhubarb. He likes it. He has been in more arguments than an umpire, called a liar more often than Ripley and suffered a broken nose three separate times at the hands of vexed readers.

He's been on the carpet in such faraway places as Bangkok and Mandalay, Rangoon and Mexico. He's been sued for \$120,000 and lost every action by out-of-court settlement. In each case the money has been paid by the Toronto Star without so much as a reprimand although the same paper once fired him for speaking over the air against orders.

This Sinclair was born, raised, educated and

married in Toronto where his four children were born. The only daughter, first female of the clan in 56 years, died there at Christmas, 1942, after an illness of only 17 hours.

From Toronto Sinclair has spied out the world and from the world come home to what he thinks is the best city on earth. He is Canada's most traveled reporter and one of the least popular. As a reporter who never was, never can and never wants to be either editor or publisher he's probably Canada's richest but he seldom lends or gives money to anybody. In many ways he's a man without sympathy, feeling, or religious belief, but he's a good reporter.

He cheerfully admits that he wears loud sports jackets because "I'm in show business." Many people consider him vain but the only qualifying sentence in his one-paragraph will insists that no stone shall mark his grave.

For six years he's been broadcasting news over CFRB where President Harry Sedgwick says,

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

THAT AUGUST 15 reception at the home of Her Excellency the Ambassador of India, Madame Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, at the handsome, park-surrounded 2700 Macomber, N.W., threw the sophisticated Washington diplomatic corps somewhat for a loop. It was at the cocktail hour, but there were no cocktails. Wasn't this something of a risk for a newly appointed ambassador (May 12, 1949) to take?

Her Excellency moved among her guests welcoming them to this, the Independence Day celebration of her vast country. Representing, if against her will, the King of Great Britain and the Commonwealth, and full-heartedly, the Prime Minister of India, Jawaharlal Nehru, who is her brother, and some 340 millions of her people, the first woman ambassador to the U. S. was a target of curiosity.

Slight, small, in flowing soft-silk sari, her beautifully shaped grey-haired head held high, it soon became apparent that here was a substitute for cocktails, *par excellence*. The party grew. People refused to leave. The polite hour of departure was long past. But still, in the long drawing-room, the lounge, and on the lawn, the diplomatic guests and those selected from the highest places in the land firmly clasped their glasses of iced coffee, fruit juice or tomato juice, sampled *kubba* (little patties of meat fried in butter), *samosas* (triangular savories) and such Indian sweets as *barfi* (made out of milk, cheese and sugar, scented and flavored with saffron). Obviously everybody was having a fine time.

When it got to be midnight, and past, the white-turbaned waiters with their still, cryptic, clear-brown faces, passed more refreshments, now *pilau* (rice and chicken made according to ancient recipes). Still as fresh, as interesting and interested, as full of magnetism as at the beginning of the party, the ambassador moved like a flame torch among her guests, striking sparks of laughter and wit.

Perhaps, receiving the homage and appreciation, she may have thought back for a moment to the long months in the cell of a British jail in her own home town of Allahabad; or even to those sunny days at Dandi on India's west coast, when, to the wrath of the British, those now smooth, relaxed hands had helped Mohandas Gandhi boil salt. Or to her 11 months in jail during World War II.

No doubt the ambassador thought of many things, for behind the humanity and warmth of her eyes and manner there is a sense of one standing a little back and looking on. A sense of impregnability—what could touch anyone who has lost as much, and gained as much, as she? It is almost as though her manner said, I am free to be myself. Perhaps that is the touchstone of her attraction.

"Mother is Signing a Loan"

I CAME to 2700 Macomber Street on a sunny fall day. At the wide-open doorway, Alfred, the Italian-French butler with mildly English accent, was ready to open the car door. In the hall, snapping to attention, stood a tall Hindu in khaki and turban. When he smiled his teeth flashed like a sudden snap of sunlight.

As I came into the small sitting room, a slender, dark girl with immense eyes came hurrying through the drawing-room door.

"I am Rita Pandit," she said. "Mother's so sorry she'll be a bit delayed. She is signing a loan for some vast sum at the bank this morning. Please sit down. And will you have sherry?" (The loan was for \$10 millions toward development of agriculture in India.)

Rita is the youngest of the three daughters of Her Excellency and the late Ranjit Rao Sita Ram Pandit, an Indian scholar, lawyer, linguist and author. The other

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The Most Beautiful Ambassador

A slight but striking woman in a sari endured three terms in British jails to win through to Washington as the much-loved envoy of 340 million free Indians

PHOTOGRAPH FOR MACLEAN'S BY KAREN



LONDON LETTER



Beaverbrook coined a dagger at the Tories.

The Beaver's Bombshell

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

THIS IS London. The parks are covered with dead leaves, a jaundiced sun is trying to pretend that it is still summer, the buses snort and grind their way through the traffic, the larrow boys offer us some pensive-looking pears and apples, and everybody is talking politics.

The great old town looks like a dowager in a faded dress and no make-up. London needs a touch of rouge—and rather more than a touch. It is all very well and creditable to be a thousand years old but London looks more than its age, at any rate to eyes that have been startled with the fresh colors of the Canadian scene.

It is strange to pick up the small-sized newspapers again and stranger still to realize how much news and comment they pack into their limited space. But how bad-tempered they are! A group of strikers at Smithfield Market is denounced by the Left Wing journal, *The People*, as "that crazy gang." In the *Sunday Dispatch* the political columnist, Alistair Forbes, has an article in which he asks over and over again whether Sir Stafford Cripps is a knave or a fool. But at least Forbes rules out the thought that he might be both.

The *Sunday Express* has an article called "What Nixes a Man Spit at His Country?" Which, you will agree, is an intriguing title. The Undersecretary for the Colonies, who ought to know better, made a public speech in which he said that he passes the Conservative central office every day and often wishes that he had a brick to throw through its window. Not to be outdone, Herbert Morrison has again attacked the Press for distortion.

After the deep calm which succeeded the Canadian election I feel as if I have been pitchforked into an English version of a Donnybrook Fair. Even those two old war friends, Churchill and Beaverbrook, have fallen out, causing a political columnist to remark that the honeymoon is over.

The split came about as a result of one of Beaverbrook's

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BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

You Can Lead an Admiral to Water . . .

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

EVEN if no admiral is actually fired, drastic changes in the Royal Canadian Navy are expected. The Navy has been out of step with the other services—and with Defense Department policy—for years. Now the lid has been taken off this sour situation by the recent commission report on "mutinies" aboard three Canadian warships. The report exposes and condemns the very things that intraservice reformers have been trying to change.

Of the 41 recommendations, two are fundamental and really include all the others. One is the criticism of Navy education ("the young Canadian naval officer is not as well educated as his British or American contemporary"). The other is the urgent recommendation that the Royal Canadian Navy be "Canadianized"—develop a real Canadian tradition instead of remaining "a pallid imitation and reflection of the British Navy."

The commission underlines both repeatedly. Officers were imbued with a false idea of discipline because they got their introduction to sea service as midshipmen on British ships, where social distinctions "have generally made it easier for Royal Navy officers to exercise command and at the same time easier for ratings to accept it." This won't wash in Canada, where officers and men "played hooky from the same school" as children. "We have very few officers in the Canadian Navy who maintain their position by the social prestige attached to their office . . . there is no form of artificial superiority which Canadians resent more than the variety imported from another land."

The other services shook off these vestiges of colonialism years ago. Canadianization was the fundamental policy of the Air Force under "Chubby" Power, of the Army under Col. Ralston



and General McNaughton, and of the whole Defense Department under Brooke Claxton. But the report makes it painfully clear that in this general movement to "be Canadian," the Navy has been a persistent laggard.

In education it's the same story. Army and Air Force cadets must take four years' schooling, comparable to a university arts course, at Royal Military College or Royal Roads. The Navy gives its officers only two years in college, then bustles them off to sea. Under a new Defense Department plan all three services can draw officer material from the universities; the Army has taken about 70 by this means, the Navy hardly any. The Navy's top brass is actually and openly suspicious of university training.

Says the report: "Most of the unsatisfactory conditions have been known to naval authorities for three years or more." But as President Truman and U. S. Defense Secretary Louis Johnson have lately learned, admirals don't like being told what to do. The postwar changes and improvements which other services have already in operation are stalled by the passive resistance of the "silent service."

The commission's report is expected to change all that. If the needed reforms are accepted and loyally executed by men now in command, well and good. If not, you may expect some distinguished retirements in the Royal Canadian Navy.

...

FRED MCGREGOR'S resignation as Combined Investigation Commissioner had some of the elements of Greek tragedy. It was a collision on an issue of principle.

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Canadians resented imported ideas of superiority.

questioning and, if possible, strict judicial probe." With his city in transition from the mores of the outpost to the rectitude of an established workaday hub, Mayor Tetrault sees himself as the mediator between the amusement caterers and the reformers.

There are few vices offered down the Rue Pigalle in Paris which cannot be found along Third Avenue, Val d'Or, yet you could count on your thumb the Canadian cities which in so short a time have built themselves such splendid high schools and churches and so magnificent a modern 70-bed hospital.

Anglicans, Presbyterians, and United Churches all have places of worship among the more numerous Roman Catholic edifices.

To trappers, prospectors and diamond drillers in from the bush Val d'Or is a place to let off steam and sleep between shifts in a room with a bath. To single miners—and there are thousands in the area—it is a place in which to court on twice-monthly payday. But to the growing numbers of commercial, professional and technical families it is a home in which children must be brought up decently.

Came Two Slav Blockbusters

MEANWHILE Finns, Poles, Italians, French, Irish, Scots, English and Welsh live in the rollicking camaraderie of the frontier, and a handful of Chinese and Negroes have forgotten the color of their skin.

If Mike Mitto, the millionaire sordough, ever got mad at the braying of saxophones he could stand by the wall of his unpainted shack, the city's first building, and heave a lump of gold-bearing rock right into the plush belly of the Morocco Club which pulses seductively until 3 o'clock every morning, including Sundays.

But this hulking Russian who struck it rich 10 years ago is not likely to so affront Bert Fillion, Morocco's proprietor, who arrived in Val d'Or with \$2, worked seven years in the mines, then set himself up as king of the local carnival. For one

thing Mike Mitto's boarding-school-educated daughter might be dancing down there. Again, around midnight, Mike likes to go across himself, flick the top off a beer bottle with his thumb, and watch the latest floor show from New York or Montreal.

Peppy, spick-and-span, 20th-century teen-agers can look out from their streamlined high school on a knoll above the town, over the roofs of shiny new bungalows and sombre log cabins, toward a lake along whose shores squaws still carry the papoose on their backs and over whose emerald ripples feathered warriors paddle their dead to the happy hunting ground on a litter across two canoes.

The high school has been visited and admired by educationists from all over the Eastern provinces. The classrooms are linked by a loudspeaker system. The blackboards are made of green plastic to aid students' eyesight. When the grounds are finished the school will be entirely surrounded by lawns and flower beds.

The hospital (run by nuns) has one of the finest operating theatres in Canada.

Thirty-five-year-old Chinese Archie who came to Val d'Or from the galley of a Great Lakes steamer sometimes looks out from his clapboard Windsor Cafe, where many a prospector now gets a grub-stake, at the smooth brick walls of the Variety Department Store, saying: "First come a couple Hunka, then me. Then come a handful of bums. Next come a taxi. Soon half a dozen gals is tearing around. Before I know what is goin' on there's a city at my front door."

It started in 1933. Many of the men who saw the beginnings of the Simcoe, Lamaque, Louvicourt, Golden Manitou and other mines whose headframes now dominate Val d'Or like leaning towers of Pisa, roared and fought their way eastward along the gold fields which are down from Yellowknife through Northern Manitoba to Kirkland Lake, Ont., and cross into Quebec at Rouyn-Noranda.

Among them were two blockbusters of Slavs, Mike Mitto and his partner, The Russian Kid (A. W. Balzimer) who had teamed up in British Columbia 18 years

Continued on page 29

On northwest Quebec's mottled muskeg, a glittering wide-open city of 10,000. Gold was the lure which drew rock-hard prospectors, reckless gamblers, businessmen and ladies called Lou.



Mayor Tetrault: "When you're sitting on a fleshpot, you let the steam out slowly."



Fun-loving Val d'Or also boasts a fine high school, library, hospital and trim streets.

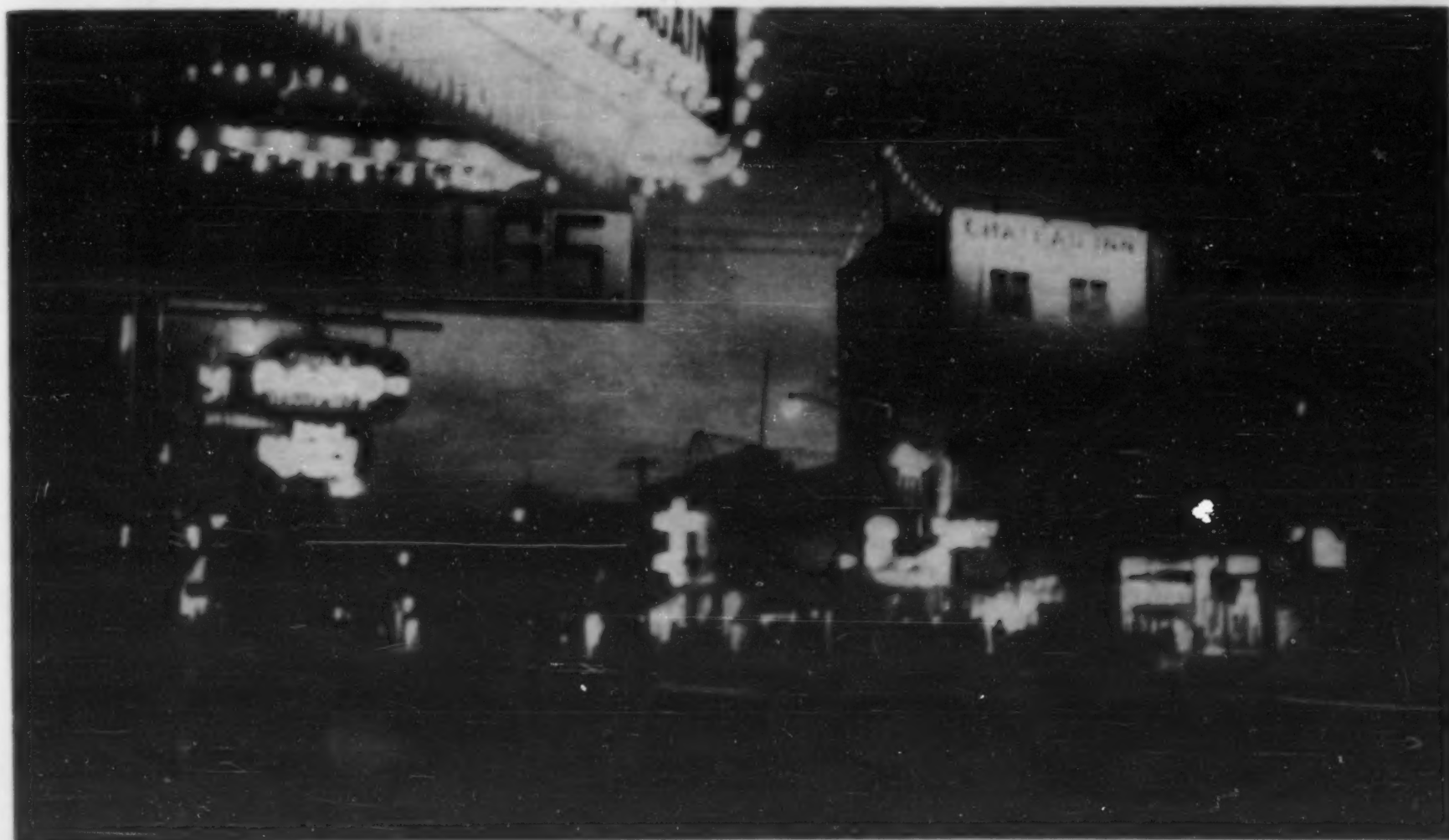




PHOTO BY BOB HILL

Women are scarce in Val d'Or. A girl often has four escorts at the plush Morocco Club.

VAL d'OR: HALFBOOTS AND HIGH HEELS

By MCKENZIE PORTER

Quebec's lusty young city of gold defiantly kicks up its heels but progress and plumbing are taming it into respectability



Mike Mito, twice a millionaire, lives in his shack on Main, the town's first building.

LAST AUGUST police raided Lew Gagnier's so-called Hunting and Fishing Club in Val d'Or, Northwest Quebec, and seized chips, dice, shakers and gambling machines which had been used in the Yukon 60 years ago.

Not since Dawson City burgeoned to the ballads of Robert W. Service has such a lusty town as Val d'Or been whetted from the strike of a bonanza.

Fifteen years ago it was matted muskeg, the lair of timber wolves, 65 miles east of the then new gold mines in Rouyn-Noranda. Today it is a gilded city of 10,000 glittering in the heart of a forest.

The paradoxes of the old and the new are plain in Val d'Or. You could stand bathed in Neon light at either end of the mile-long main drag and bag a too curious mouse in the bush which huddles up to the city limits. Where else would you see a woman in a halo hat trimmed with black lace, cocktail gown and high-heeled shoes threading her way through men in tartan Mackinaws and half-boots? Val d'Or is a town where a millionaire lives in a shack on the main street and 600 Knights of Columbus can sit down to a Christmas banquet dressed in full white tie and tails.

In the side streets unpainted log cabins jostle new ranch-type bungalows and square-plan houses. Fast interurban buses bounce along right-of-ways blazed by Indians and pioneering woodsmen from a dozen lands. A children's playground has been laid out in a park but two minutes' walk from a miniature "Broadway."

On every hand there is evidence of Val d'Or's transformation from the boisterous ways of the rip-roaring frontier town to the sobriety and diligence of a city with modern plumbing and a promising financial future.

But the hang-over from the great jag in which Val d'Or was born hangs heavily in the air.

In the 17 licensed establishments liquor and beer drinking begins before noon. In one hotel dancing starts at 1 p.m. By early evening there are four places to dance within the city limits and three others within half an hour's drive.

In three night clubs, one inside Val d'Or and two outside, dancing and floor shows go on until 3 a.m. A word in the ear of certain waiters, taxi drivers or touts will open the doors of a gambling joint to a man with money.

Prostitution ranges from brazen solicitation to discreet introduction.

For months Pastor L. T. Heron, of the Evangelical Baptist Church, has been standing on corners calling on the city to renounce the carnal life. Recently he was jailed for obstructing the highway.

"Sinister Forces" in the Streets

ALTHOUGH they are only 20 strong the presence of energetic evangelists in Val d'Or foreshadows its ultimate envelopment in that respectability which comes to the reward of new communities when churches, schools and libraries begin to rise on the site of the pioneer cabins.

Already the city is feeling the influence of the adjacent and genteel township of Bourlameaque where many mining executives live in big-city standards of comfort and taste. In some quarters this influence is resented and resisted as stuffed-shirt virtue.

The Canadian Mayor of Val d'Or, Osa Tetrasch, said on September 7 at the trial of two Baptists who had broken bylaws with street meetings that their concentration on Val d'Or and exclusion of Bourlameaque from their activities would disclose "sinister forces," and was a cause for "anxiety."

movie people. He could be counted on to sponsor any charitable function, no matter how great, and his parties for the benefit of unemployed actors were publicized in every newspaper in the country. Good old Sam just couldn't escape publicity. In brief, the small man whose chocolate button eyes twinkled in the face of a sun-kissed lemon had never actually said "no" to anyone—never actually.

AS HE stood in the lavish entry hall waiting for the butler to announce him, Roy looked at the clock on the wall. It was a quarter past eleven.

A minute later the old English servant returned with a message that Mr. Farley would be delighted to have Mr. Spencer join him at breakfast.

"Greet to see you, son," Sam beamed, as a second place was laid before the guest. "What would you like? Couple of boiled eggs? Three minutes?"

"Four," Roy thanked him with no idea in the

world why he'd said it. He always took them at exactly three. It was as though he needed that extra minute to gain breath, strength, courage to plunge into the fresh assault.

"I had a terrific party here last night," Sam began, "Terrific. Must have been at least 180 people by midnight. Sorry, you couldn't make it, Roy. The Holborns are here from New York. I gave it for them, you know the Holborns."

Roy hadn't the faintest idea who the Holborns were, and in any case, hadn't "made" the party because he hadn't been invited. Suddenly it seemed piquant to ask

Continued on page 30

ILLUSTRATED BY
JACK BUSH



By HANS HASE

ROY SPENCER, young and ardent screen actor, awoke on this Friday, the 15th of June, as no man of his sanguine nature should. Doom was straddled firmly across his chest. Unconsciously, he shifted, looked at the traveling clock on his night table and shut his eyes to the persistent California sunshine. It was nine o'clock. To the rest of the world the hour merely indicated breakfast, homework, office routine, dental appointments or funerals. But to Roy, lying with tightly closed lids, it meant that in only six wretchedly short hours the bank would be closed. In his wallet was seventy-eight dollars. That was exactly one hundred dollars less than he needed.

He hadn't had a job in months—not through any fault of his—or anyone else's for that matter—but just because it happened that way. He was talented, good-looking and a tireless worker. His physical condition was excellent and his mind keen. He never drank before sundown and, after it, consumed a good deal less than most of his friends. People were drawn to him as he was to them. Should he elect to telephone a producer or director there was never any question but that he would be received cordially and they were invariably enthusiastic about his ability. It was only a matter of bad luck that at the moment they were casting "types" or "characters." But nothing that would suit him naturally. Naturally. A great deal of conviviality went into the farewell handshake. "Better luck next time, old man," and "I won't forget you." Yet, his telephone remained as silent as a Trappist monk.

Now, June 15th had arrived with the utmost stealth. Days like these always do. They stalk you, creep up, and suddenly when you're least prepared they sit on your chest and almost suffocate you in your dreams. They demand, quite unreasonably, that by three o'clock of this very day you deposit one hundred and seventy-eight dollars in the Clark Street Branch of the Bank of America or else—or else you will be deprived of your beautiful maroon convertible.

True he'd had some sort of inkling. An amiable bank clerk had telephoned the day before and "suggested" pleasantly that he drop by with a cheque any time during the day at his convenience. ("Any time you're ready," the hangman said as he adjusted the noose.) Roy cleared his throat: Yes, of course. There was conviction there—the conviction that he couldn't exonerate that amount of money if he knew where Captain Kidd was buried, and the even deeper conviction that he was not going to part with his car under any circumstance. His attachment for the smooth, leather-lined convertible was great.

In '47 when he'd seen it in a window, purchased it lightly, jobs were more frequent and the matter of installments therefore a simple amenity. It had been love at first sight then—cher, luxurious love. But now, he sighed with remembrance, romance had been punctured by the cruel finger of reality. He needed that car desperately. To get from Santa Monica, where he lived, to Paramount, Universal, and more recently, Monogram, without a car was no less than a barefooted pilgrimage over spikes.

AS HE stirred his coffee broodingly, he realized that his only solution lay in a "touch." Not since college had he the inclination or necessity. It wasn't quite his style—but a guy's got to live.

Well, who would it be? With no little satisfaction he reflected that his list of friends was long, opulent and unquestionably willing. There was only one snag. In this town you had to be careful, careful that gossip landed you in the columns only when you whispered it yourself. And who in his right mind would run around Hollywood advertising that he was hard up for dough. Not Roy Spencer. He'd enjoyed sufficient success to understand that

you can't get work unless you're working. Jack Barrymore always used to say that his hardest role was to pretend he didn't need a job.

Beverly Hills looked airily expensive as he drove through and, encouraged by the placid houses with their manicured lawns, it seemed absolutely natural that he should ask Virgil Payne for this small favor. Virg was a school friend and fraternity brother. He had chosen a more circumspect path though—studied law. And he was a darn good lawyer—darn successful too. Roy smiled. Good old Virg lives right here in Beverly. He would—the ideal citizen!

No one answered his ring at the doorbell—not the third nor the fourth time. An unnatural silence, Roy observed with misgiving. Virg's two kids were forever whooping around somewhere, zooming down the lawn on bikes and scooters. At least, they always had in the past.

What a queer, queer silence.

The door opened finally, slowly.

"Hi," Roy extended his hand.

"Come in," Virg said.

He was still in his dressing gown, half-shaved.

"Be back in a minute, Roy, make yourself comfortable."

THE silence of the house expanded oppressively. Roy glanced around. It was like waiting for a suppressed force to burst. He sauntered up and down lifting objects idly from tables, examining them without seeing them. Restively, he even began to wish Virg's wife Helen were here to alleviate the silence with her inexhaustible observations on psychoanalysis and surrealism.

"I didn't know you were such an early riser," Virg said as he re-entered the room.

Roy thought that his friend looked pale—could be shaving powder, he concluded. But then that wouldn't account for the dark circles under his eyes. Come to think of it, he looked downright bleak.

"Don't you feel well, Virg?" Roy asked.

"I feel all right. I'm fine. What's—er—cooking?"

Roy grinned. Then, casually:

"I'm in kind of a jam," he said. "Nothing serious, but—you can do me a little favor. That is, can you lend me a hundred bucks—I mean just for a couple of days, of course."

Virgil rose wordlessly and circled the silent room. His face was earnest, almost morose. Oh no, Roy thought, he can't be that depressed because I need a hundred dollars.

Virg came to a halt in front of the fireplace.

"Listen, Roy," he was whispering, "I have to tell you something. I haven't told anyone yet." He paused uncomfortably, hesitated, then continued: "Helen has left me. She took the kids and—" He finished the sentence with a gesture of his hands.

"What do you mean?" Roy was instantly solicitous. "She left you! I had no idea. When did it all happen?"

"Yesterday. I mean, she left yesterday but, well you see Roy, our marriage really went on the rocks about a year ago. For a while we tried to ignore it. Maybe we didn't dare face it. We just went along hoping for the best I guess. It isn't her fault and I'm not even sure that it's mine." He tried to shrug jauntily but the movement didn't quite come off. It was sad.

"But where'd she go?" Roy was bewildered. Virgil had Helen—everybody believed they were an ideal couple. She always seemed so devoted, not a woman to go tossing a marriage around. Virgil would miss her, no doubt about that.

"She's at the Beverly Hills Hotel," his friend answered. "Of course, nothing is decided yet. I'm still convinced that we can straighten things out." Eagerly, he began to develop a theory. "You know, sometimes these things help a marriage along. Give it a shove in the right direction."

He started to navigate the room again, measuring it into halves and quarters with precise steps. Finally, he dropped into a chair: "I don't like to talk about it, Roy. I wouldn't have if I didn't feel so badly about not being able to lend you the money. But, you know how it is, with Helen and the two boys at a hotel and the lawyer trying to squeeze a ridiculous fee out of me—as if he

didn't know I'm a lawyer myself. It's just too much. You understand."

"Oh, I do," Roy responded fully sympathetic. "I'm really terribly sorry about the whole thing."

HE WAS relieved to escape from the house, and as he drove down Santa Monica Boulevard he felt uncomfortably like a costumed celebrant who, arriving at a party, learns that his host and hostess have died. Besides, his problem was still unsolved and one precious hour was gone.

I should have gone to Sam Farley in the first place, he lamented. Farley had been a czar in the days of silent pictures, one of the great pioneers of Hollywood. Artistically aghast when his puppets of the screen began to talk and sing, he fled to his two-hundred-acre sanctuary in the Valley. There, among horses, swimming pool and orange groves, he lived in simple retirement. And old Sam had become a sort of Little White Father to indigent

NOBODY HAS A HUNDRED DOLLARS

His need was grim; he must ask his friends the hundred-dollar question. He found dollars, dollars everywhere but not a dime to lend



At Malton they staked \$30 millions on a bid for supremacy in the jet age. Now the gamble's paying off. Already in the air is a liner designed to knock hours off schedules and spots off competition. And coming up, a mighty new engine and a hush-hush fighter plane.



Rubbernecks below can hear a banshee wail but in the cockpit you can hear the barometer falling. The Jetliner could link Vancouver-Calgary in 1 hr. 44 min.

schedule: 2 hrs., 20 min.). Toronto to New York will take an estimated schedule time of 1 hr., 19 min. Present North Stars take 1 hr. and 45 min.

The big drawback to jet propulsion so far has been high fuel consumption. This makes for higher costs and lower payloads. But the Jetliner's higher speed gives it greater mileage per flying day and enables it to do more work than a conventional aircraft.

Take the Toronto-Chicago run for example. Schedule or "block" time (from moment the doors close in Toronto until they open again on the ramp in Chicago) would be 1 hr. and 26 min. for the Jetliner. For a standard twin-engine plane it's 2 hrs. and 36 min. This great speed advantage, says Avro, would enable the 50-passenger Jetliner to complete five such flights in an eight-hour flying day, carrying 250 passengers plus mail and air express. But the 21-passenger "prop job" could complete only two flights and carry just 42 passengers and a comparably lighter mail and express load.

At what it considers a conservative rate per ton mile, Avro says the Jet would thus bring in a gross revenue of \$7,100 a day as compared with \$1,180 for a standard twin-engine plane.

Avro claims that five Jetliners can do the work of 20 standard twin-engine planes. At about \$250,000 apiece the fleet of prop-equipped planes would cost \$5,250,000. Estimated cost of five Jetliners (still a rough guess) is \$3,500,000. The Jet's fuel costs will be higher and its engines will likely need overhauling twice as often as a prop-equipped

plane's. But the piston-engined fleet has 40 engines and 40 props to worry about—the comparable Jet fleet only 20 engines.

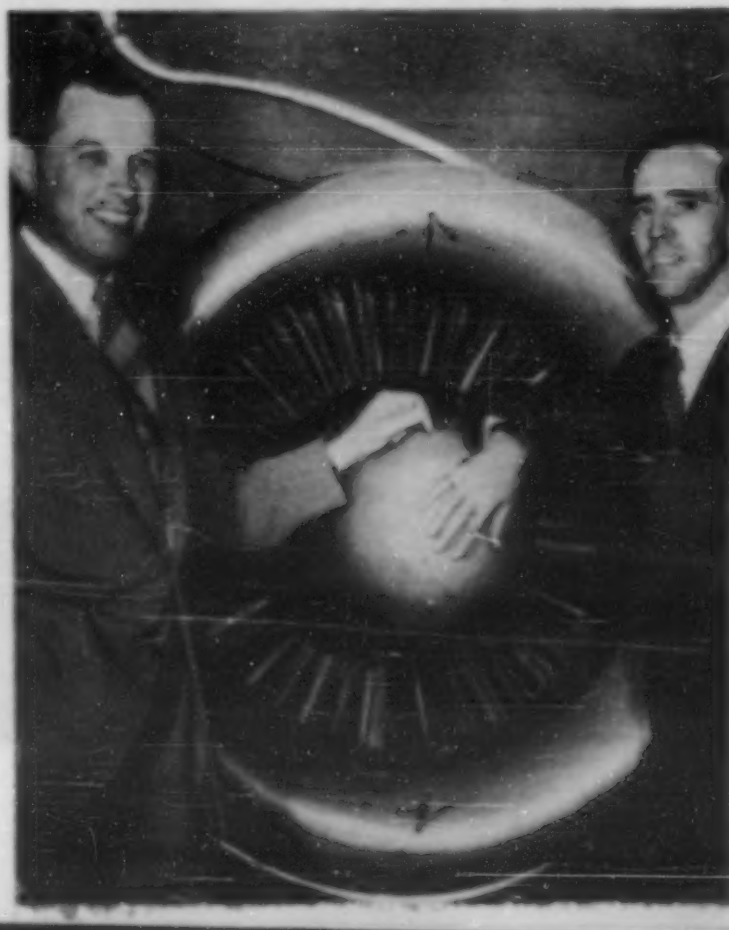
Obviously no final comparisons can be made until the Jetliner has shown its stuff in actual operations. Exhaustive performance tests will be continued on the first prototype until February or March, during which time a second sample model will be completed.

When final modifications are completed, Avro Canada will launch its big drive for airline customers on this continent, in South America and in Europe. It predicts that customers should be able to get delivery in the latter half of 1961.

For heartthrob if nontechnical testimony as to how Avro's jet fighter engine is proving up, just ask the residents of Brampton who couldn't sleep nights for its banshee screaming—and Brampton's 10 miles away. Avro gas turbine crews reluctantly canceled night tests but just long enough to rig up a muffler, then resumed a seemingly deliberate attempt to let the Orenda engine blast its own head off.

The Orenda (which will power a fighter plane, not the Jetliner) does its roaring in the breechway of a two-story brick testhouse. Continued on page 44

Winnett Boyd (left) and Paul Dillworth learned their engineering at Toronto University. Result: The Orenda.



OUR ALL-OUT GAMBLE FOR JET SUPREMACY

By GERALD ANGLIN

CANADA is bidding \$30 millions for a lead role in a new air age. For the first time we are out to crack the world market with aircraft and engines not only built but conceived and designed in Canada.

We are making this gamble just as aviation is hurtling into a revolutionary new era in which anything mounting a propeller is as old as the Wright Brothers and in which you must be jet propelled to win, place or show.

The great Canadian dare has been undertaken by Avro Canada Ltd., at Malton, Ont., a firm backed about 50-50 by the Canadian Government and Canadian bank loans, the latter underwritten by famous British planemakers who have supplied a few key technical men and invaluable experience. To date Avro Canada has:

- Successfully test-flown a new kind of airliner—the Jetliner—a propellerless plane which blasts its way through space on four jets of superheated air, whisking its 40 to 50 passengers along with noiseless ease at 427 miles an hour, 30,000 feet up.

- Designed and built a secret long-range fighter for the RCAF, which may be in the air by the time this appears.

- Designed, built and successfully ground-tested a new jet engine—the Orenda—which is as powerful as, and perhaps more powerful than, any gas turbine yet built anywhere. The Orenda was expressly tailored for the new Canadian fighter and will also be tried in the U. S.-designed F86 Sabre fighters which the RCAF also has on order.

Jet-propelled fighter planes of both British and American make have already flown faster than the speed of sound and the Yanks have a jet-engined bomber. Several British planemakers have experimented with jet power for civil use, and de Havilland put its long-range Comet into the air about a month before the Canadian Jetliner. But U. S. firms, profitably busy filling the immediate postwar demand for propeller-equipped skyliners, have dismissed commercial jet planes as five or 10 years away. Now they are just awakening to the horrible realization that they've been left behind. So far as is known, no American planebuilder has a jet transport past the design stage, or is even actively working on such a project.

U. S. Civil Aeronautics Administrator Delos W. Rentel has conceded that the British Comet is "a threat to U. S. superiority," and that "the Avro Jetliner is further advanced than the Comet in terms of U. S. requirements. The American market is wide open for it."

The Canadian-built Jetliner (the name has been copyrighted) was designed after long conferences with top TCA officials as an intercity carrier to compete with the twin-engined propeller planes of today for the high-revenue, short-hop routes between major population centres. It is not intended to compete with the 2,800-mile Comet on transoceanic and transcontinental routes.

What's this air-age Canadian pioneer like, and how good is it?

It looks like any large four-engined transport,

with three striking differences. Its whole silvery length seems to hug the ground. (Old-style planes must perch high on their landing gear so their propellers will clear the pavement.) Its four engines aren't spread out along the wings, but snuggle in pairs, close in. Finally, the towering rudder and the elevators are mounted high above the tail to escape the 1,200-mile-an-hour blast from the engines.

The engines start up with a high climbing whine, a hurricane blast of hot gases sweeps back across the field, and the Jetliner races down the runway pursued by a rushing sound like a distant train. As it circles low overhead, watchers hear a whistling roar, then stare with amazement as 30 tons of airplane start to climb like a World War II fighter at 6,000 feet a minute.

But the big surprise in store for the jet-age air traveler is the strange new flying sensation—silence.

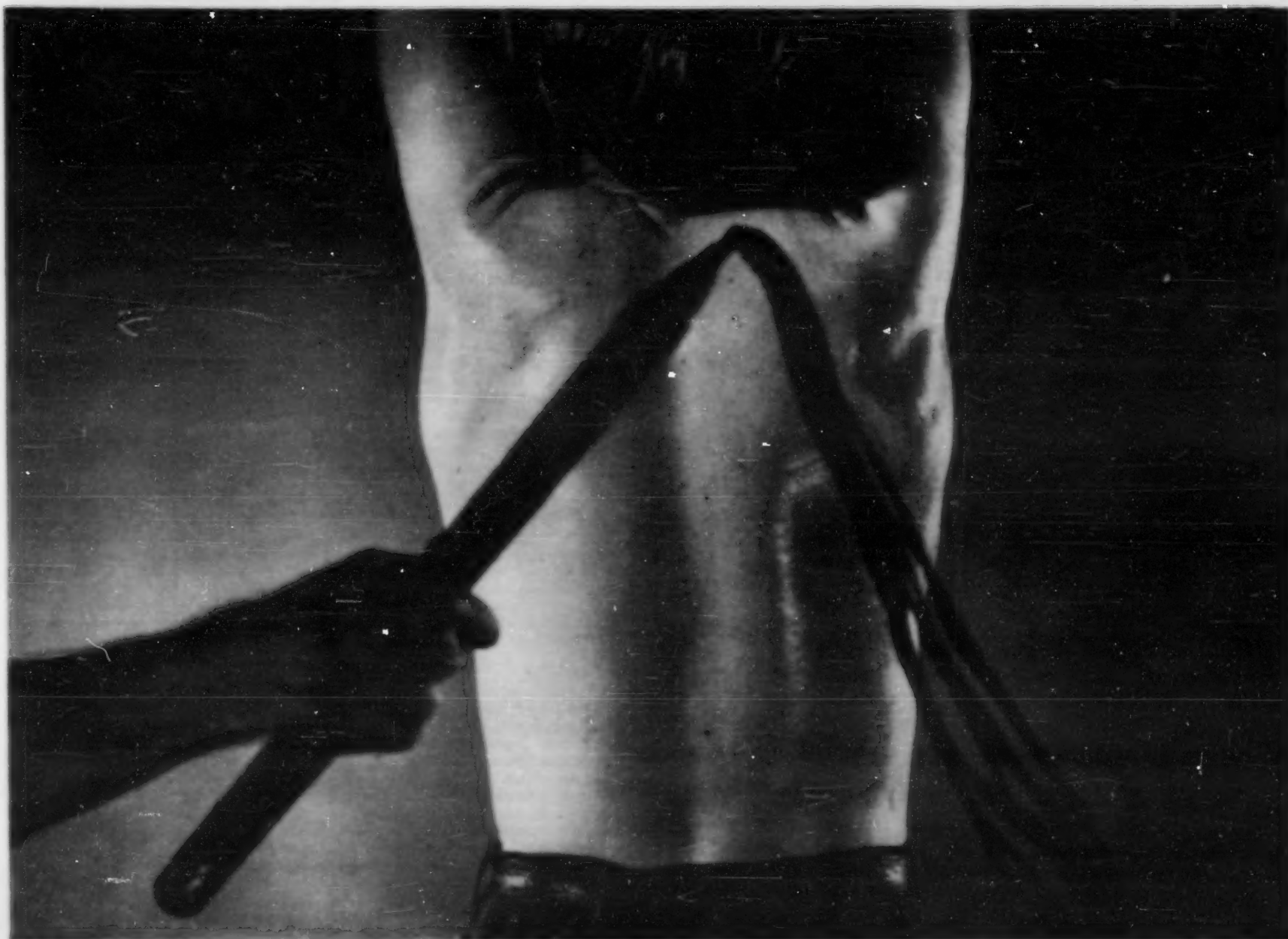
"It's almost frightening at first, it's so quiet in the cockpit," says test pilot Don Rogers. "You can hear the ticking of instruments on the dashboard, droning engines tell of another plane's approach, but though you're nudging 400 miles an hour you can't hear your own motors—just the hum and flutter of the airstream over the outer skin of the cabin."

Says Jim Orrell, Avro Manchester's crack jet tester who was borrowed to direct the new Canadian ship's first trial: "You wonder who's pushing you."

The Jetliner is 100 miles an hour faster than the speediest airlines now in service, 200 miles faster than most. It can hop from Vancouver to Calgary (524 miles) in 1 hour and 44 minutes (TCA's present

The Avro Jetliner—50 passengers, 427 m.p.h. — designed, built and test-flown in Canada, is aimed at inter-city hops.





Let's Stop the Whistling Torture

Canada is one of the three civilized countries still using the lash. Penologists say it doesn't cure criminals

By FRED BODSWORTH

THE penitentiary morning bell clangs sharply. The guards come down the block unlocking cells. The prisoner in the third cell waits nervously.

"You won't be working in the carpentry shop today," a guard says. "The doctor will see you at 9."

The prisoner trembles. This is "the day." No more sleepless nights of waiting. Today the gears of Canadian justice would start turning to wreak with cold, official impersonality the sentence of the court. "... And, you will receive 10 strokes of the lash on your bare back."

Two guards come back for the prisoner at 9 o'clock. The examination in the prison hospital is brief. Then, the doctor following, they enter a bare, gloomy room where the warden, deputy warden and several other guards wait.

The cat-o'-nine-tails, ugly and ominous, lies on a table. It has a 20-inch, cloth-covered handle with nine, yard-long strands of whipcord attached.

Guards pull off the prisoner's shirt.

Beside the table stands "the triangle," a sturdy, three-legged apparatus like a large blackboard easel. The prisoner's ankles are strapped to the two front legs of the triangle, his wrists to the triangle's upper point. A horizontal bar across his chest prevents him from slumping forward.

A leather belt is strapped across his kidneys, another around his neck to shield the upper vertebrae. The cat weighs only about nine ounces, but it is a brutal instrument; a misdirected blow against unprotected neck or kidneys could cause serious injury or death.

A canvas screen stops the victim looking sideways to see who wields the lash behind. The doctor moves ahead to watch his face, ready to stop the lashing if the prisoner shows signs of collapsing.

There is a whistling swish. The stiff cords descend. The tender flesh of the victim's back seems pierced with hundreds of pins. He clenches his teeth to keep from crying out. A cold, impersonal voice chants, "One."

A long, tormenting pause. The sickening swish again. Once more the cords rip his back. It is more painful than the first, like a shovelful of red-hot coals. He barely hears the voice behind, "Two."

The doctor takes the prisoner's pulse, nods approval.

"Three . . . four . . . five." The prisoner is crying and writhing.

"Six . . . seven . . . eight." Swollen blue welts and blood blisters appear on his back.

"Nine . . . ten." And he is half carried, half dragged to the prison hospital. The doctor swabs on antiseptic. Then back to the cell.

Canada is one of the last strongholds of the judicial strap and lash. Practically every other civilized country has abolished these primitive instruments of punishment and torture. The swish of the cat is still heard only in Canada, Egypt, South Africa and the state of Delaware, while Britain still uses the strap for enforcing prison discipline.

But Canada every year still straps and lashes scores of prisoners into an agonized state bordering on semiconsciousness. Does it help to control crime?

Most psychologists and penologists say "no." Corporal punishment, they say, makes criminals instead of reforming them.

Listen to Dr.

Continued on next page

SWEDEN SITS ON THE FENCE



Are the Swedes our most civilized people, or our most cynical? Their prosperous welfare state rests on a hair trigger between East and West

By **GEORGE HERALD**

STOCKHOLM—A British tourist remarked here the other day, "I think I know now what we are always fighting for—we fight to make Sweden safe for democracy."

Was that crack deserved? Are these people really a nation of self-centred cynics? Why did they continue to put Sweden first at a time when the whole free world reaffirmed its solidarity?

One evening on the rocks of Syd Koster, a little island off the west coast, I put these questions bluntly to a distinguished Swedish historian. His reply was surprising.

"We refuse to take sides in the battle of ideologies," he answered, "because we have already found a solution of our own. Believe me, our way of life is the finest yet devised by human beings and we only serve mankind by trying to safeguard it at all costs."

"Isn't that rather a preposterous statement to make?" I exclaimed.

"Preposterous or not," he said, "it's the way 99% of all Swedes feel about it."

"But what on earth makes you think your way of life is so much better than any other?"

The professor contemplated the horizon. "It's difficult to explain. I would say it's our relation to nature. We put nature above politics and all its various 'isms.' We try to conserve man's original bond with earth, man and water. After you have been here for a while you will understand what I mean."

The more I saw of the Swedes, the more clearly I realized that this was indeed the key to their souls. Other countries

Continued on page 36



From modern Stockholm, Socialists rule.

Left: Young Swedes keep close to nature.

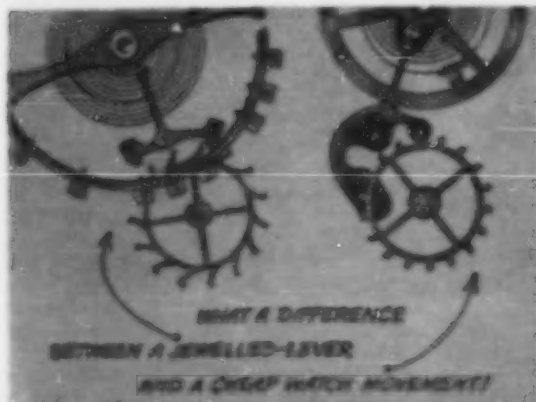


1. A watch is the perfect Christmas gift for someone you love—for no gift can be more beautiful, more useful, more dependable. And no gift can be a finer reminder of you than a smartly styled watch with a quality Swiss movement. Your

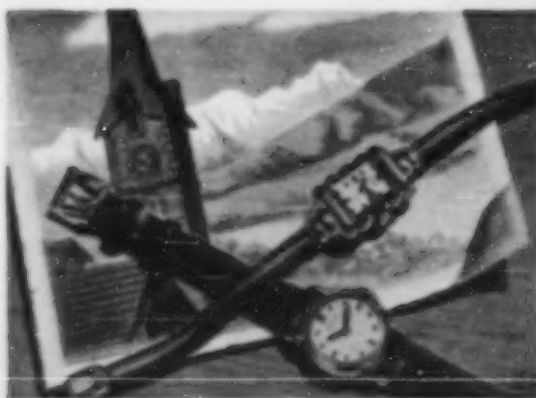
jeweller will be glad to show you the many new types and styles of watches with jewelled-lever movements—products of the famous Swiss craftsmanship that owes its perfection to a heritage of nearly 300 years of fine watchmaking.



2. For a wonderful gift, or a smart watch for you, see shock- and water-resistant, self-winding and calendar watches, chronometers, chronographs, and watches combining several of these famous Swiss features. Always—*it's the movement that counts*—be sure your new watch has a quality Swiss jewelled-lever movement.



3. In quality Swiss jewelled-lever movements, jewels are cut, polished, precision-set to reduce friction. Most important jewels are at pallet ends of the lever (shown above) and you will find these jewels in cheap movements. So—don't be fooled by so-called watch "bargains"—you usually get just about what you pay for!



4. The latest fashions in all types of women's watches are made possible only by their tiny, perfectly-designed jewelled-lever movements—your assurance of the utmost in value and service. These superb mechanisms are what make smart Swiss watches such treasures of lasting pride.



5. If your watch has a jewelled-lever movement, it can always be repaired economically and promptly, thanks to your jeweller's use of the Swiss Watch Repair Parts Programme. When you buy a new watch, rely on a jeweller in whom you have confidence—he'll show you the best quality Swiss watches in your price range.

What every Santa Claus should know about the newest watches

For the gifts you'll give with pride—let your jeweller be your guide

The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND



"Oh, what a Beautiful Blanket"

...AND WHAT A THRILLING GIFT!



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The **NEW**
MOSSFIELD
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Present it with pride!... the proud product of long years of skill and experience... the finest "heirloom" quality in a blanket of superlative beauty for those who want to give the best!

Yes, it's deluxe quality through and through... woven with an extra thickness of downy-soft pure wool... Specially selected color-fast shades of delicate beauty... Wide, long-wearing satin-ribbon binding — Lasting loveliness!

P. S. Remember that the fine quality of the Standard Mossfield Blanket remains as always — an outstanding value!

PORRITTS & SPENCER (CANADA) LIMITED • HAMILTON, CANADA

Continued from preceding page
Stuart K. Jaffary, associate professor of social work, University of Toronto, an expert who has studied the treatment of criminals for many years: "When you lash or strap a criminal you only fill him with hate and defiance. In nine cases out of 10 the lash turns him into a hardened, society-hating brute who wants to repeat his crime in sheer revenge."

J. Alex Edmunds, president of the Canadian Penal Association, says, "Many lashed criminals take this attitude: 'That's that. I've paid my debt on my bare back. The date is clean. Now I can start all over again.'"

Dr. Joseph Morsh, professor of psychology, University of British Columbia, adds: "Corporal punishment has proved absolutely useless as a deterrent. It causes antagonism in the prisoner, makes it virtually impossible to rehabilitate him. It is a carry-over from ancient times, a method of appeasing public conscience. Society feels guilty because it provides the conditions in which criminals are bred. It is a psychological phenomenon called projection."

"Judges feel very righteous when they sentence lashes," Morsh continues. "They seem to be engrossed in the legal aspects of criminology and are a long way from having a correct psychological approach. There is a righteous, not a modern progressive, attitude."

Penologists have been preaching the folly of the lash for years. Most lands have listened and acted. But in Canada, corporal punishment laws still ignore penology's basic truth—treat a man like a dog and you'll make a dog out of him.

Canada's Criminal Code permits two instruments—the cat-o'-nine-tails or lash, administered to the bare back; and the strap, heavy rubber, three inches wide with a wooden handle, administered to the bare buttocks. In British Columbia courts and in prison along throughout Canada the strap is known as the "paddle."

A judge or magistrate can order a lashing or strapping as part of the sentence for a crime, or a prison warden can order the strap for breaches of prison discipline. The lash can be sentenced only by a court; for prison discipline only the strap can be used.

Authorities Prefer Secrecy

Canada's law permits strappings or lashings for these offenses: rape, incest, carnal knowledge of a girl under 14, indecent assault, wife beating, procuring for prostitution, gross indecency between males, armed burglary and robbery with violence.

Every year the judicial statistics branch of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics publishes the number of corporal punishment sentences handed down by Canadian courts. And in recent years the Department of Reform Institutions of Ontario has revealed the frequency with which the strap is used as a disciplinary measure in jails. But otherwise the story of the lash and strap is veiled in a secrecy anxiously, almost fanatically, guarded by authorities.

When I asked George H. Dunbar, Ontario minister of reform institutions, how frequently the strap was used in provincial reformatories and prison farms, I was told: "No useful purpose would be served in releasing information of that nature."

And General Ralph B. Gibson, commissioner of penitentiaries, declined to reveal similar information for the Dominion's seven federal penitentiaries.

But it's known that some judges

and some provincial prison authorities are turning to other methods of correction. In 1931 Canadian courts handed down 197 lash sentences; by 1947 (the last year reported) it was down to 12 of the lash and 40 of the strap.

Dr. Jaffary comments: "An encouraging trend, but still a far cry from what is needed. Canadian courts still sentence 50 to 75 men each year to the lash or strap. There is no place for it as a court penalty at all."

There is a slackening in the frequency with which corporal punishment is used for discipline in federal penitentiaries. Until a few years ago wardens had full authority to sentence prisoners to the strap. Now these sentences must first be approved at Ottawa. Prisoner rehabilitation workers say that since this enactment penitentiary strappings have declined.

In provincial prisons use of the strap has also declined in Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Some Still Strap Women

But in Quebec, Ontario, British Columbia and, to a lesser extent, Nova Scotia, the strap is used regularly on prisoners for breaches of discipline. Wardens have full authority to order its use. Nova Scotia resorts to it sparingly on adult prisoners, more frequently for juveniles.

According to the annual report of the Department of Reform Institutions of Ontario 45 corporal punishment sentences were meted out in Ontario's city and county jails alone during 1948—almost as many as were ordered by courts all across Canada in 1947.

In this report many pages are devoted each year to provincial reformatories and prison farms. There is never a mention of the strap. Yet last year a university worker studying corporal punishment was able to interview 100 prisoners at Guelph Reformatory alone who had received the strap. And a case worker for a prisoner rehabilitation society told me of one youth strapped seven times during a recent 18-month sentence at Guelph.

Canadian courts cannot sentence women to be strapped or lashed, but in some provincial prisons for women inmates are still strapped for infractions of prison discipline. In July, 1948, a woman offender in a Toronto police court pleaded: "Don't send me back to Mercer reformatory. I saw girls beaten black and blue there."

Authorities admitted to newspapermen that, following a recent riot in Mercer reformatory for women, "several" ringleaders were strapped. In Britain, where corporal punishment was retained longer than in most countries, strapping of women has not been permitted since 1914.

The strap is generally regarded as more humane than the lash. It is doubtful, however, whether one is any less brutal than the other. Prisoners who have experienced both say the strap is the more painful.

"They haul you down to the hole," one Ontario strap victim recounted with bitterness, "and tie you down to the machine so you can't budge an inch."

"The hole" is prisoners' jargon for the corporal-punishment room. "The machine" is a narrow, waist-high table with slightly tilted top.

"They haul you over this table and tie your feet to the floor," he said. "Then they strap your wrists to the table. They leave your arms in your shirt and throw it over your head so you can't see. Then they pull down

Continued on page 27

Continued from page 24
your pants and underwear. The warden just points to a guard, you never find out who tans you.

"Sometimes a prisoner does find out who did it. There are guards at Barwash who are afraid to come to Toronto. They're afraid they'll meet somebody they paddled who'll knock the guts out of them."

The strap, being heavier, bruises more severely than the lash, but it never cuts the skin. Ex-prisoners say it usually leaves blue swellings two inches thick. "You sleep on your stomach and don't sit down for a week."

Sheik Was for the Lash

The lash and strap are diabolically fashioned to produce maximum pain with minimum injury to tissue.

Dr. Edward George Glover, British scientist, writes in his book, "The Psycho-Pathology of Flogging": "A degree of pain is inflicted which may exceed the limits of individual endurance and produce immediate shock. The amount of shock varies, but can be compared to a surgical operation without an anesthetic. The cat belongs to the 'torture' group of appliances, but has neither the surgical features of some nor the bone-crushing properties of others. Those who have experienced scolds, war wounds, and some sick persons, are in a position to understand the pain of flogging. Others are unable to appreciate it."

In 1936 a North African sheik visiting Britain, described as "an expert in methods of torture," callously told newspapermen: "I have given up other ways of torture. The lash is infinitely more efficient; it hurts much more."

Authorities insist that the whipcord lash now used throughout Canada is more humane than the traditional cat-o'-nine-tails of leather. But in 1938 the Archambault Royal Commission investigating Canada's penal system found leather lashes in two Canadian jails: Headingly Jail, Man., and Fort Saskatchewan Jail, Alta. At Headingly Jail the leather thongs were knotted every few inches. Horrified penologists had assumed that knotted cats were abolished a century ago.

The fact that a doctor must be present to periodically check the pulse of a flogging victim is evidence that it is recognized as a dangerous punishment. Doctors carefully examine a prisoner's heart before approving the lash or strap—the intense pain could check the nervous system and cause heart failure. In Florida 20 years ago a convict died during a lashing and the "whipping boy" was convicted of second-degree murder.

Several sociologists and students of penal reform told me that faintings occur "not infrequently" despite the fact that a doctor is present.

They Come Back for More

But the real case against corporal punishment of criminals is not its torture. Practically every criminal sentenced to the strap or lash has inflicted violence just as severe on an innocent victim. He deserves no sympathy. To deny the lash merely because it is extremely painful is an emotional and sentimental approach that detracts from the really important considerations. The basic argument against the lash is that in a great majority of cases it turns a criminal into a worse criminal. And in harming him it harms us, the victims of his future crimes.

Does a flogging deter a man from a second offence? Many judges have

claimed that the lashed man never comes back. But whenever corporal punishment is broadly and scientifically studied, it is shown that lashed men not only come back, they are more likely to come back.

Canada has no statistics on the deterrent effect of corporal punishment, but three years ago Professor Robert Graham Caldwell, of Virginia, made a comprehensive study of this nature in the state of Delaware. Delaware, the only state in U. S. which hasn't abolished corporal punishment, still uses a public whipping post (they call it Delaware's "totem pole") and flogs for comparatively minor offences.

Caldwell used the years 1928, 1932, 1936 and 1940 as samples. During those years in the county selected 73 prisoners were lashed and 516 prisoners were convicted of the same crimes but were not lashed. The 516 unlashied criminals were further separated into those who were imprisoned and those released on probation. Then he dug into the subsequent careers of those men to learn how many committed future crimes.

The result: Of the 73 lashed, 69% were again convicted of some crime by 1944. Of the 516 unlashied, 52% were reconvicted. Of those imprisoned, the ratio of repeaters was 61%; for those on probation, 37%.

Were the 516 unlashied men of less criminal nature in the first place? No, for the most were not spared the lash because they deserved it less, but because they appeared before more lenient judges. Men given the most humane treatment (probation) showed the highest rate of reform; men lashed showed the lowest.

Set a Violent Example . . .

Critics said the lash in Delaware was not wielded with enough force to make it really effective. So Caldwell selected another group who were lashed by a particular jailer with a reputation for harsh lashings. Among those, repeaters were 4% more numerous than among those lashed by lighter-armed jailers.

A British investigating committee made similar findings in 1938. The members compared 142 flogged men with 298 men liable to flogging but spared. Among those flogged 59% were subsequently convicted of serious crimes; only 43% of the unflogged repeated.

Flogging, the committee declared, seemed to increase a criminal's tendency to commit crimes of violence. And it advised that corporal punishment as a court sentence be abolished. Because of the war this wasn't carried out until 1948. Britain's new Criminal Justice Act abolishes flogging as a court penalty, allows it for prison discipline only in serious cases of attack on a guard or "inciting mutiny."

Corporal punishment opponents contend that when an example of violence is set, violent and brutal men will only tend to follow it.

Roger Beames, Toronto case worker for the John Howard Society (which aids rehabilitation of released prisoners), cited two recent cases. Jack and George both got into trouble for the first time, not because they had a serious criminal tendency, but because of a frustrated yearning for adventure.

Jack, 18, was sent to Guelph Reformatory in 1946 to serve 18 months for breaking and entering. A few days after arrival he was strapped for bad behavior. The strapping only made him more defiant, he was strapped again.

Finally, after seven strappings in a few months, he admitted to Beames that he had been beaten into submission.



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Val d'Or: Halfboots and High Heels

Continued from page 17

before. These considering giants reserved their admiration for each other and a woman. The woman was Mitto's wife, The Russian Kid's sister. For all other things which stood in their way they showed a vast and terrible disdain. Mrs. Mitto followed their wanderings from tent to shack from lean-to to cabin and waited for them at base while they went off by canoe, tractor-train, aircraft, husky team and barge in search of gold.

She had not complained some years before when they refused half a million dollars for a group of claims at Damsert, a few miles east of Kirkland Lake, because they thought it wasn't enough.

Mitto left the Russian Kid to put in some statutory work on the old Damsert claims and moved eastward to the swamp which became Val d'Or. Others contented themselves with tents, but he built a shack for his wife and these children. Jealous of his presence a gang from another claim came one day to burn his shack down with gasoline and wood shavings.

Mitto stood at the door, arms akimbo, and glared at them. "Go ahead," he said grimly, "Light her up!"

The gang looked at his bulk and moved sheepishly away.

How to Kill a Bear

By the time the shafts were being sunk Chinese Archie had opened his eatery next door to Mitto.

In 1934 Joe Morrisette, who later became mayor, drove a dog team in and started to build a store for an optimistic druggist. He stayed on. His two sons followed and began to haul water round the tents and shanties in a great wheeled barrel yoked to an ox.

A barber opened up on the bare face of a rock, now the hub of the town.

Ben Self and his wife Viola came in from Flin Flon, Man., with \$4. They opened a hardware store in a rented cabin, bought stock on credit in the hamlet of Amos and shipped it down the river by canoe.

A bawdy house and a tavern or two followed. Beer was \$1 a bottle, liquor \$12.

The beer swillers listened fascinated to Mike Mitto's stunted English: "Bear chase me. Throw stick. Bear stop to catch. Kill bear with axe."

The Post-office Department sent G. O. Germain to organize the chaotic letter service. "First," he said, "this dump's gotta have a name." The rhapsodist in him ran amok. Without any regard for geological veracity he christened the camp Val d'Or—Valley of Gold. The terrain was so flat the Indians called the river Harricnew, which means pancake.

In early December, 1935, the Val d'Or Star flexed its wings with an excited black banner line: "Val d'Or Lit Up at Christmas."

The following year a night club opened in a store. Proprietors insisted on evening dress and bush pilots did well out of emergency flights to Toronto for tuxedos. Formal attire imposed a superficial atmosphere of propriety on the revels: one man about to throw a bottle through the bar window suddenly seemed to remember where he was and subsided, blushing.

In 1937 the first train steamed into Val d'Or. The Canadian National Railways linked the new city with the head of Ontario Northland Railway at Rouyn. This brought Val d'Or within 24 hours of Toronto by way of Kirk-

land Lake and North Bay on Lake Nipissing. For every man working down the mines five others were exacting a living from the town.

The population swelled to 6,000. Real estate boomed. That year there were six doctors, 60 retail establishments and 66 taxis. A Montreal woman who had paid \$200 for a lot in 1935 sold it over a bottle of rye for \$6,666.66 cash.

On paydays, twice a month, the mines distributed nearly \$200,000 in wages, and the population was swollen by 2,000 transients.

Where \$2,000 Lasts a Week

Paydays were a festa. Ontario miners, hearing of the new Nirvana, poured over the border at week ends. *Barbette* was the favorite gamble. As the night wore on, cheques were written and jewelry sold to buy chips. One logger joined a game with \$100, left with \$30,000. A prominent Val d'Or doctor was beggared in a night. Even his home, his car and his insurance went. Next evening he returned with borrowed money and won it all back again. *Barbette* operators, taking a percentage of the stakes, were averaging \$400 an evening.

A highly qualified engineer came out of the bush with \$2,000 savings in cash. Prudently he deposited this with a hotel management. "If I want anything," he said, "I'll just call for it and you deduct the cost from this." Lonely he drifted into the cocktail bar and started talking to some girls. The party lasted a week and the hotel management told him his credit was finished.

About this time The Russian Kid felt ill. "Just a cold," said Mike Mitto. "I got medicine." When Mitto returned, The Russian Kid was dead. Soon afterwards Mitto lost his wife too. He sent the three children away to school. Alone in his cabin he displayed more emotion one night than he had ever shown before. "Feel tough," he said. He went off to Yellowknife with a new partner who was the antithesis of The Russian Kid. This was Frank Salerno, a soft-spoken, well-educated young man who earlier had been a radio announcer in Buffalo. They trekked 300 miles northward from Yellowknife, up the caribou trails, into the midnight sun, seeking a crack of gold.

In a land where an assay of \$10 to \$12 a ton was considered profitable they struck a lode averaging \$30 a ton and yielding up to \$1,270 a ton. They christened the mine with a fusion of their own names—Salmila.

A Paradise for Wallflowers

Mike Mitto returned to Val d'Or a millionaire, then found himself twice a millionaire when he got from Boddac Mines Ltd., 500,000 shares and \$50,000 cash for one of the old Damsert claims, and \$300,000 for a series of claims nearby.

He was offered \$90,000 for the site of his shack on Val d'Or's main street. He looked up at the pictures of his wife and The Russian Kid. "Get out!" he said. He bought an expensive house on Conrad Avenue near affluent Forest Hill in Toronto for the sake of his children. But he continued to spend most of his time in the shack alone with his memories of The Russian Kid and a wife who should have shared his fortune.

By 1949 there were four night spots in Val d'Or, eight swing-door saloons, and a fluctuating number of brothels, some of them carefully regulated. Bull-dozers sheered the shacks off Third Avenue to make room for five-and-ten

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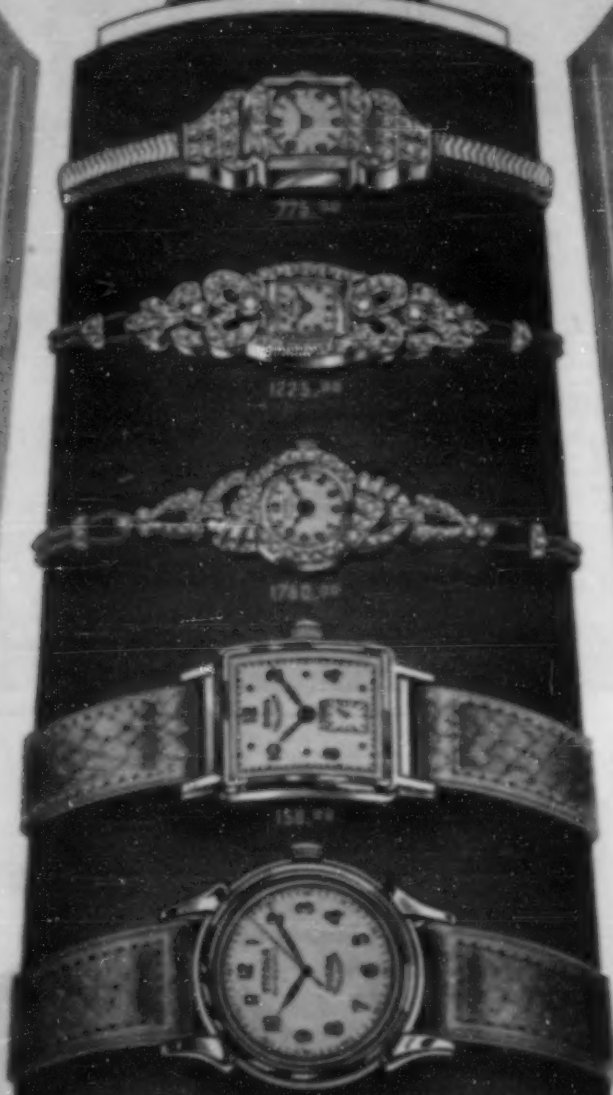
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sion. "But as soon as I get out I'll show those—they can't wear me!" he declared.

He was discharged and Beames found him a job. He worked one week, collected his first pay, disappeared. Three weeks later police picked him up again for housebreaking. He was sent to penitentiary for two years.

George Learned the Ropes

George, 19, was sent to Guelph Reformatory for a year for auto theft. ("I just wanted to take the girl to a dance," he pleaded.) He was strapped three times during the year. He entered Guelph an adventurous, impetuous youth; he came out mullen and defiant. Three months later he was back again—21 months for housebreaking.

George told Beames: "I'm smart from now on. No more backing the system and getting my behind tanned. I know the ropes. I know how to get

what I want without catching the paddle for it."

He was released in the summer of 1948. By fall he was in the penitentiary for a three-year breaking-and-entering stretch.

There is another hidden evil of the lash and strap. The cold-blooded beating of a man tied down so firmly he cannot move must certainly corrupt and demoralize the man forced to carry it out.

A prison doctor once told Justice Hawkins, famous British opponent of flogging: "If you flog a man you make a perfect devil out of him."

Hawkins corrected: "You make two devils, the flogged and the flogger."

Virginia's Professor Caldwell goes farther, says the lash has a demoralizing influence on the whole society which condones it. "It tends to breed in the minds of all an insensibility to human suffering which itself produces crime." ★

CANADIAN ECDOTE



Finnan Fought a Buffalo

BIG Finnan McDonald, the one they still call "Big Finnan of the Buffalo," lies in the churchyard of St. Raphael, at Glengarry, Ont. Not far away lies his father, Angus Ban a'Mhuinnel (the old McDonald), who led 540 Highlanders to Canada in September, 1786, in the ship McDonald. With Finnan lies his wife, daughter of a Western Indian chief.

Angus Ban had many sons, but most stayed to pioneer Glengarry. Big Finnan didn't.

In 1808 he went west with David Thompson across the Rockies. He remained there for 18 years.

Coming home in 1826 with a party of English scientists who had followed Thompson's explorations he won his name "Big Finnan of the Buffalo." The event which earned the title was witnessed by David Douglas, a botanist, and Edward Ermtinger, whose descendants live in St. Thomas, Ont.

The party needed fresh meat and when near a point in the prairie where Carlton, Sask., now is they met a herd of buffalo. There was still an

hour to go before sunset.

Big Finnan and another man approached the herd and, selecting a good bull, fired. The other man's musketball struck the bull, wounding it. But Finnan's flintlock misfired and the bull charged.

Finnan made no effort to escape but knelt to meet the beast before the horrified eyes of his companions.

The bull made to strike with its huge head when the Scot seized it by one horn and by the forelock of shaggy hair which falls between the horns.

The buffalo leaped, plunged and turned nervously in an effort to crush the life out of his enemy. Finnan's party could not shoot for the risk of shooting Finnan.

The mighty Highlander wrestled with the buffalo bull for three hours. Long after darkness fell the bull and Finnan lay down together, exhausted.

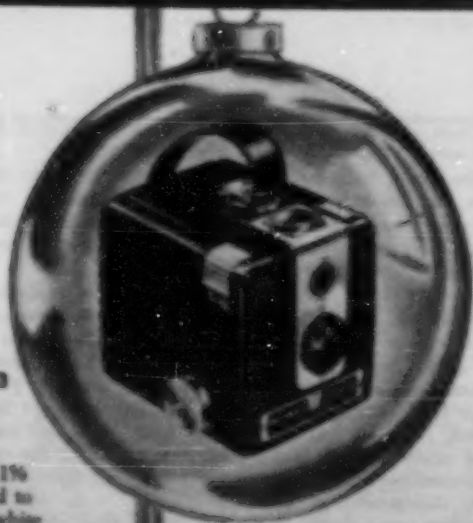
While reloading a musket to meat in and dispatch the bull one of the party accidentally fired. The shot roused the buffalo and, leaping up, it fled into the darkness.—Thomas E. Thomson.

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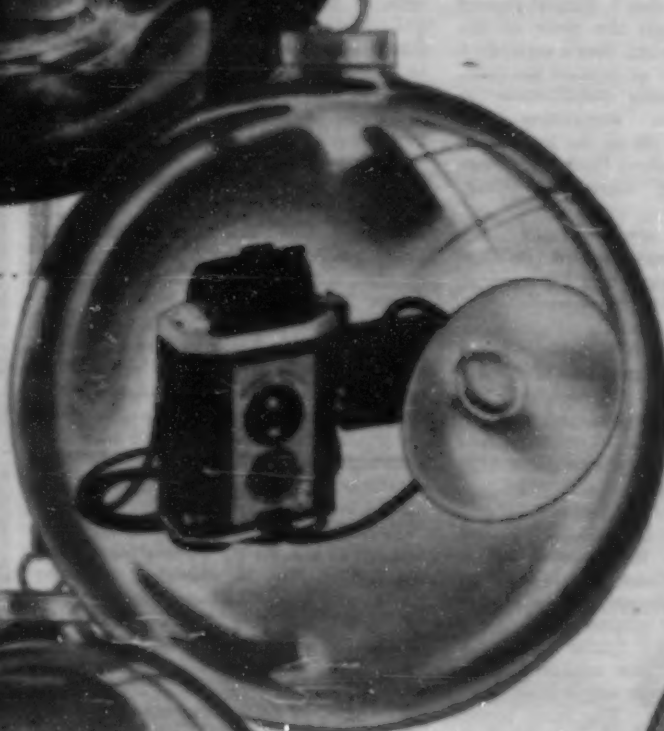
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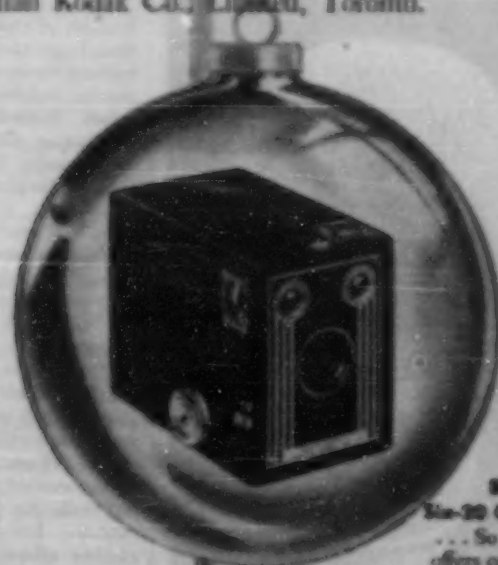
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stores, women's hairdressers, and new hotels.

In 1942 Bert Filion came out of the mines and bought the Morocco Club, moving it to a basement in the Chateau Inn where bellhops wore beige and maroon uniforms.

In 1946 Ben and Viola Self sold the hardware business they had opened with \$4 for \$20,000, retaining \$100,000 worth of real estate and several thousand shares in mines given them by men they'd grubstaked.

Today Mayor Tremblay, a 41-year-old insurance salesman, is reforming Val d'Or, but slowly. "These Baptists," he says, "are trying to move too fast." The mayor says there's no question of persecution of Baptists by the 80% Roman Catholic population. "If we give them permission to hold street meetings how can we stop Communists gathering?" He adds: "Besides, they are not the only ones who know what's in the Bible."

Fifty per cent of the men in Val d'Or, he says, are single. Men heavily outnumber women. "We've got to give these men some gaiety when they come out of the mines or the bush. If we didn't they'd only go off and spend all their money in Montreal."

The mayor says he knows there are gambling joints and brothels still in town but as soon as they are detected they are raided.

He points with pride to the well-kept streets, the excellent lighting, the bus, rail and aircraft services, the schools, hospitals and a new library, and asks that these be remembered too.

"When you're sitting on the lid of a flaskpot," he says, "you let the steam out slowly. You don't just turn it upside down and spill the contents all over the town."

"Give me the Shimmy!"

Before you leave, the mayor is quite likely to ask: "Have you seen the new floor show at the Club Morocco?"

Today this club is the pivot of Val d'Or's social whirl. Seven nights a week from 8 until 3 a.m. it is packed with up to 300 revelers. The majority of the clients are Val d'Or residents but there is always a strong contingent of visiting salaried men, politicians and technicians.

Etiquette of the north is contemptuously abandoned. Most of the women are accompanied by three or four men. Girls accept invitations to dance with men from strange tables. Recently a magnificent blonde with a quarter

Eskimo blood danced six hours solid with eight different men in turn.

Filion imports cabaret artists from New York, houses them in the best hotel, pays them \$200 and \$400 a week for twice-a-night appearances.

The evening-dress rule has been abolished and plenty of rawhides get in. But the place is well run by 28 employees. An alarm goes direct to the police station. The management figures that a brawler can be removed from his seat at a table to the point of his ear in the gutter during a single roll of the drum.

A fairly regular visitor is 81-year-old Captain Georges Blondin, who settled in the bush around Val d'Or 35 years ago. His tanned, finely traced features, and blazing blue eyes rivet attention from a nimbus of snow-white, shoulder-length hair and a chest-deep beard.

Last winter he entertained youngsters 60 years his junior in a Val d'Or contest. He dances frequently, and extremely well, in Val d'Or clubs and hotels. Once, in the Morocco, in answer to popular demand, he did a plausible solo tap dance. He is the embodiment of the average man's idea of "a character." Striking his stick sharply on the pavement he says:

"They've got hydro, refrigeration, heating and drains. They've got the Kiwanis, the Rotary and the Kimmens. But the last straw was when they got a symphony orchestra. Fough! Give me the trap drummer and a shimmy!"

Another client is Gustave Girouard, the chief of police, whose laugh at the artists' jokes is like a volcanic eruption. Girouard is popular in Val d'Or because he's stamped out flagrant vice and howling and soft-pedaled on discreet dissipation.

The man who looks after the washroom in one night spot is a tall, gentle Negro, aged 70, reputed to be worth \$100,000.

A waiter in another owns his own speedboat and airplane.

In many of Val d'Or's four night-spots and 13 juke music taverns couples sit drinking with toddlers at their feet.

There are about 3,000 gold miners working in the district. The payroll from the mines is \$5 millions a year. Dependents of the married men bring the number of people living directly off the mines to around 5,000. For every miner gainfully employed one nonmining resident has moved in—the doctor, the lawyer, the merchant, the taxi driver. In turn these have brought their families. That is why Val d'Or

now has more than 10,000 population.

The volume of money circulating in the city is out of all proportion to this staple income. Some of the merry-go-round of free spending in night clubs and gambling is powered by high-grades—miners who steal pieces of ore with heavy gold content and smuggle them out for illicit disposal. Recently a man fishing near the Sicre mine hooked a sack containing \$20,000 worth of high-grade ore, which was washed in the river.

One well-known Val d'Or tycoon openly boasts that he got his kick-off capital out of five years of highly profitable high-grading.

With gold prices fixed at \$38.50 an ounce and free gold selling at up to \$80 an ounce there is plenty of demand for stolen ore and fat profits in its disposal.

Although they cannot prove it Val d'Or police believe that organized gambling and prostitution are linked with the receivers of high-grade gold.

One Reprobate, 100 Honest Citizens

An accepted code of silence among miners protects the high-grades from police and managements. So long as this attitude prevails it is almost impossible to stop them.

But, as George MacKenzie, chairman of the Val d'Or School Board, points out, for every reprobate there are 100 hard-working honest men, and the high-standard education now being given to their children will in time cause vice to wane through sheer lack of demand.

If you praised the rough, tough Val d'Orians for driving a wedge of civilization into the northern wilderness, they would laugh in your face and say that what really drew them was a notice outside the town reading: "Come Here for Your First Million."

That sign isn't there any more but the lure of quick riches still brightens the pulse of the place. But there is something else too. Under their hard shells the Val d'Orians take pride in the fact that their rip-roaring outpost is now well on its way toward maturity, that they have played a pioneer part in making a greater Canada.

Why else would Mike Mitto, with his big house in Toronto, and the money to settle in any lusher land he likes, choose to spend most of his time in a rude shack, opposite a gaudy night club, near a beautiful school, in a bullfrog's bush, under the beckoning lights of the Aurora Borealis? ★

Nobody Has a Hundred Dollars

Continued from page 19

a hundred dollars of a man who on the night before had entertained 100 people in the Holtzner's home, and who, on the morrow, would most probably entertain 300 for other famous personalities equally unknown to him.

Nevertheless, as he choked down his second breakfast, he tightened his muscles, made the effort to speak. Three o'clock was looming and unless the friendly bank clerk had his hundred and seventy-eight dollars by then, Roy's very own convertible would be quartered in some unfriendly garage.

"I—I guess you're surprised to see me this early," his voice was tentative, hollow.

"Not at all," Sam interrupted. He's not making it easy for me. Roy worried.

"It's ridiculous really. I—"

Sam continued to look benign.

"I mean this silly little affair that brings me here is—"

Fingers shaking, he lit a cigarette thereby gaining another second—a second in which to formulate tremulously: "Can you do me a favor, Sam?"

"Speak up, my boy," Sam's voice was rich with paternal understanding.

"It's not easy," Roy sounded the prototype of erring but penitent youth. "I guess I really shouldn't have bothered you at this hour with such a petty affair—"

"Nothing close to our hearts is petty," Sam reminded with closed eyes.

"It's not so much my heart as my pocketbook," Roy joked faintly. "You see, I happen to need . . ." he took a deep breath "a hundred dollars this afternoon. I'm in a spot. I never do have much cash on hand. Of course, I could have sold a couple of shares. Then quickly, "I could have, but I—I forgot."

He'd had no intent to lie, but there

it was. Anyway, Sam Farley couldn't possibly understand that he, Roy Spencer, lacked a hundred dollars in cash—or otherwise.

"I know exactly how you feel," the old man comforted. "I've been in the same situation many a time in my life." He smiled and the sweet chocolate eyes melted right out of the citrus face. "I know how it feels all right, because I happen to be in the identical situation right now."

"I'm sorry to hear that," Roy rejoined coldly. He wasn't going to feel sorry for this old bird on top of everything. Firmly, he patted the pocket containing the wallet with the seventy-eight dollars—and he wasn't going to be taken for any soft touch either.

Sam continued blandly: "Don't feel sorry for me, son. I guess you might say it's all I deserve. I should never touch a card."

"I didn't know that you did," Roy looked at his watch.

"Very few people do. I'm not a spectacular gambler. I don't even

Continued on page 33

Joe Maxwell, proprietor, sat alone at the bar sipping a brandy. Roy and Joe had been kids together in Ohio and Roy's father had helped Joe get on his feet.

"Have a drink, Roy," Joe greeted him.

"Don't mind if I do."

"What'll it be?"

"A Martini, very dry. I need it."

"What's eating you, old man?" Joe asked.

It was certainly good to see that manly, decent face of Joe's again after the wise-cracking sophistication one ran into. Not one of them measured up to Joe—Joe, who didn't have a gag in his head.

"Trouble, Joe," Roy said squarely. No need to double-talk that good, decent guy. "I haven't had a job in months," he continued, "and I took a loan on my car. The monthly payment is due today, and I don't know what to do."

Joe emptied his glass with one gulp, poured himself another. He shook his head in solemn despair.

"That's really tough," he said. "Why didn't you come around sooner? The day before yesterday it would have been a cinch."

"Something happen?" Roy interjected.

"Don't ask. I'm so ashamed I can't even mention it to my wife."

"You can tell me."

"I wouldn't, except that I don't want you to think I'd let a friend down. You know Fred—"

"Your brother?"

"Yes, that no-good so-and-so." Joe brooded into his glass. "You know what he's done this time?"

"What?"

"He forged cheques on my name. My own brother. What could I do? I had to pay them. Would you send your own brother to jail?"

"No, I wouldn't," Roy admitted gloomily.

He looked at his watch, asked for another Martini. Time was flying. There was something in a poem, he recalled, "Why dance ye mortals o'er the grave of time." Well, he certainly hadn't been doing any dancing today. It was already a quarter to two.

HUNGER began to gnaw at him. He was tired and depressed from the day's effort, and convinced that further effort would only prove futile. The trouble with people was that they were sincere. They simply couldn't help him. If Virgil and Sam and Joe couldn't help him, nobody else would. So, that was that. At least he could eat—for a while. He decided on the Playmen where he still had a charge account. As the parking boy took his car, Roy ran his hand lingeringly over the fender. He watched while it was being parked.

"Hello, Roy." It was Hank Rogers, the byword of the bobby soxers.

They walked up the steps together.

"Haven't seen you in months,"

Hank said. "Are you lunching alone?"

"Yeah."

"Why not join me?"

"Love to."

The terrace with the little white tables and bright umbrellas was almost empty. In one corner sat a rumpled-looking man of about forty, flanked by three young women who, judging from the variety of their dresses, had obviously been selected for Technicolor. They were starlets whom Roy had met on occasion. He nodded. The man with them was unknown to him, but he noticed that Hank was greeting him vigorously from the distance.

"Who's that," Roy asked.

"Who's that," Hank repeated comically. "Nobody much. Just Tom McCallum. Just all of Texas and most



The year was 1834...

Toronto's waterfront buzzed with excitement as all eyes turned to the men who worked with tripod-mounted instruments. On this June day, engineers began the initial survey for the first official plan of Toronto. The harbor survey line they plotted ran from the Gooderham & Worts Windmill to the Fort Point, and has ever since been known as the "Windmill Line."

These were indeed the challenging times, as the frontier pushed Westward from Upper Canada, and the pulse and power of growing nationhood was felt across the wilderness miles. On coasts and prairies, on mountain foothills and in fertile valleys, soon would grow cities planned under the whiplash drive of far-seeing men with unbounded faith in this new country... men inspired by freedom of action guaranteed by the freedom of the secret ballot.

When YOU cast your secret ballot at every election—municipal, provincial, federal—you exercise a duty and privilege planned, worked and fought for by your forefathers. Your vote protects the future of your children. To fail in this duty is to be less than a good citizen.

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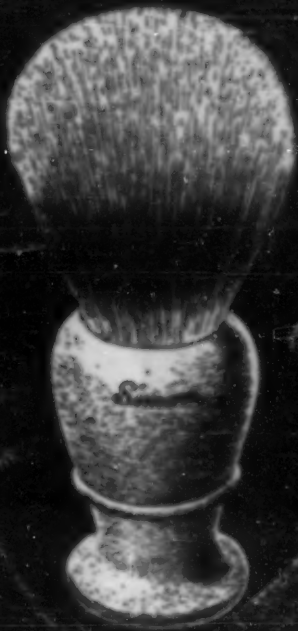
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Continued from page 30
gamble often—but when I do I go the whole hog. It's like drink with some people; stone-sober for months and then, bang, off they go." He brought his fist down resoundingly on the table and the Spode eggcups rattled unpleasantly.

Roefully, Roy recalled that altogether he had eaten four eggs that morning and he could never really manage more than one without feeling bilious. Four eggs, and two of them had been overcooked.

"Yes," Sam was saying, "this last week has been murderous. I had to call my own broker this morning. It was a question of selling some shares or having the cheques I gave last night bounce higher than heaven. I can't afford a bouncing-baby cheque." He chuckled conspiratorially.

Roy did not join in the merriment.

The old man walked with him to the door, patted his back.

"Don't worry kid, you're okay. I'm sure there's still time to get in touch with your broker."

"Oh Roy," Sam's voice followed him and he turned with illogical optimism, "if you need anything again, don't hesitate to call on me."

IT'S all my fault, Roy thought bitterly, as he turned off Coldwater into Sunset Boulevard. It's always the same with the rich. They never have a penny. Sure, they can go anywhere, buy anything, nobody asks them for cash. I should have looked for some little guy with a regular weekly pay cheque, someone who can't afford a divorce or cards.

He drove toward the Clark Street Branch of the Bank of America with a dim hope that the place might have burned down during the night. Lots of public buildings do—he tried to persuade himself. They burned the Reichstag, didn't they? People passed unhurriedly through the door of the bank as he cruised by. Not a sign of an alarm. Yet, it's not so darned implausible—spontaneous combustion or atomic fission or something, his thoughts dragged on as he pulled up in front of the Medical Building where his old pal, Dr. George Nathan, practiced.

"The doctor is terribly busy," the pretty blond nurse turned on her professional coyness, "but I'll squeeze you in somehow, Mr. Spencer."

"Thank you so much."

She smiled now—the bright, encouraging smile for paying patients and male visitors. He sat with the Bright Smile at his elbow, uncertain, as always, whether to strike up a conversation with her or pretend she was dead. He selected a magazine from the table.

"What a gay tie, Mr. Spencer."

Roy put down the magazine and resigned himself to her favorite parlor game. Dr. Nathan specialized in psychoneurotic diseases and, in Hollywood, enjoyed an almost flamboyant success. He treated movie stars who wanted to marry but couldn't love, and he treated movie stars who loved but couldn't marry. The little blond nurse offered these cases as a kind of quiz program, and her hints were as subtle as time bombs—a "certain" actress, five times divorced, was having frustration dreams, another's libido was showing.

Roy suddenly began to wonder whether his financial worries might not curtail his emotions toward the opposite sex. When all this is over, I'll consult George, he decided, as the doctor's door opened.

"Come in, Roy."

George was a man in his thirties who wore a Vandyke though he had a reasonably adequate chin. It served

no purpose. That was the kind of man George was.

"I swear I'm slowly going nuts myself," he said. "I should have limited this practice to male paranoiacs. Women! If they'd only go quietly insane!"

He sat down behind a sumptuous desk and twiddled speculatively with a stiletto-like letter opener.

"Anything wrong with you, Roy? Can I do anything for you?"

Roy suspected that his approach to Virgil and Sam had been all wrong. Anyway, this was one guy who should appreciate straight-from-the-shoulder talk.

"I'll tell you what you can do for me," he almost shouted. "Get your chequebook out and sign a cheque for a hundred dollars. I need the money—I need it now—right now."

"You seem to be under a nervous strain, Roy."

"Of course I am."

"Tried a sedative?" the doctor asked absently.

"I don't need a sedative. I need a hundred dollars. Can you lend it to me or can't you?"

The doctor sighed.

"I wish I could, Roy," he answered sadly.

Roy's diagnostic ear caught the tone of his friend's voice changing from dulcet professionalism to a tone he knew too well.

"I wish I could," George repeated. "I can explain at length why—"

"No, no," George insisted. "I don't want you to have the wrong impression. Look, Roy, look around here. You know, this whole office is a sham." He rose and pointed accusingly at a vase of flowers, several leather chairs and a handsome Sheraton bookcase. "All sham."

Roy was on his feet about to leave. "You know what is real? The unpaid bills of my patients. Thousands of dollars of unpaid bills. You know, Roy, sometimes I believe there isn't a soul in this whole town who owns a hundred dollars."

"That," said Roy, "I cannot afford to believe."

George shook hands with him, but detained him for a minute before opening the door.

"Please don't tell anyone about my situation," He added shyly. "It's a strange world. We all live on appearances. The minute people know that I don't have a hundred dollars in cash, they think that I don't know anything about psychoneurosis." He tried to smile. "I should have followed the advice of one of my teachers. He said a psychiatrist should always have his bills paid in advance. People develop inhibitions if they think there is still a bill to be paid."

Roy didn't return the smile. He nodded to the pretty nurse and pushed the button for the elevator with the energy of a man who has no inhibitions. I'm going to have one more try, he thought grimly as he rode down to the main floor.

THE heavy door of the car responded to his touch like a faithful dog, but he actually hated it at the moment. All this humiliation and anguish for four wheels and a chassis. He stepped on the gas viciously—it wasn't worth it. Nevertheless, he determined stubbornly, I'll have one more try. It was almost as though he had forgotten about the real aim of his venture, as though he simply had to prove to himself that a hundred dollars was not an insurmountable handicap.

It seemed a good omen that Maxwell's Bar on the Sunset Strip was open. Generally the place didn't get going until late afternoon.

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of Oklahoma—oil! Now he wants to buy himself a picture company or two. Have you got one on you?"

Roy pretended to enjoy the joke.

"He can probably manage twenty or thirty millions as a down payment," Hank went on, "the rest would have to be installments."

"I wouldn't be interested in installments," Roy said.

The oil king was shelved for the moment while Hank talked about his latest picture, and Roy competed with stories of interesting "foreign" offers he'd had. He was seriously considering an Italian deal, he hinted. In truth, he was considering the size of Hank's wallet and the moribund hope of obtaining a hundred dollars therefrom. Yet this was fruitless speculation because he knew he'd rather die than ask Hank for a loan.

The three girls at the oil king's table broke out in a raucous Greek chorus of laughter, and the two men glanced toward them.

"Has he really got millions?" Roy asked.

"Zillions."

"Well, I don't believe it," Roy declared. "I don't think he has one million, I don't think he has a hundred thousand, I don't think he has a thousand or—a hundred."

"You're nuts," Hank said, completely absorbed in the dissection of his lobster.

"I'll tell you something, Hank," Roy insisted stoutly. "I know life. My father always said, don't believe anything unless you see it with your own eyes. Well, I go him one better. I say, don't believe anything even if you see it with your own eyes. Once the curtain is lifted, you'll find the healthy are ailing, happy people are heartbroken, and the rich are impoverished."

Hank picked a shred of lobster from his tooth.

"You should have been a writer, Roy," he said without malice.

However, Roy was launched again and wouldn't yield.

"Okay," he said, "I'll make you a bet. Do you know that guy well?"

"Of course I do. I was at a party with him just last week at Mocambo."

"Could you borrow a hundred dollars from him?"

"Why should I?"

"Just listen," Roy moved his chair in closer, "I have an idea. I'm going to prove something to you. You go over

and ask him if he can let you have a hundred dollars. If he does, I'll pay you a hundred. If he doesn't you'll pay me."

"That's crazy, Roy. It's the same as betting that Rockefeller doesn't have a hundred dollars."

"He doesn't. Now listen—"

IT WAS well past the desert before Roy persuaded Hank to approach McCallum. He was to say that he needed the money at once and couldn't sign a cheque without his business manager's countersignature.

Roy, now a master of behaviorism, relaxed as he watched Hank seat himself at the other table, draw McCallum to one side. Well, one day's practical research had taught him more about human nature than he'd learned in a whole semester of theory. Poor Hank—out a hundred smackers. But he could afford it.

He looked on as the waiter served a bottle of champagne to the now hilarious group, then turned his back, embarrassed at the thought of the trick he'd played on Hank.

His own waiter approached with the bill and set it down in front of Roy.

"Anything else, sir?"

"No thank you."

Roy slid the check over so discreetly toward Hank's place, then glanced impatiently at his watch—only twenty minutes now until the bank closed. He looked up as Hank approached.

"Well," Roy tried to keep his voice monochord.

"Well," Hank repeated flatly. He leaned over the table to sign the luncheon check. "Imagine a guy not lending you a hundred dollars."

Roy managed an expression of detached amusement.

"What did he say?"

Hank stared at him: "Are you kidding? What should he say? He gave it to me, of course. Why shouldn't he lend me a hundred dollars?"

Roy pondered the question—but only briefly, because the answer was there, had always been there, buried within him. In this world there was always some generous soul, happy to lend you a hundred dollars—provided you didn't need it.

He stood up, fumbled in his pocket for a nonexistent chequebook.

"I—I'll have to . . ."

"Skip it," Hank said, "you can mail me a cheque in the morning." ★

COLD WAR

Let the office be promptly alerted;
Let the new hands be speedily told—
For we're panicked and much disconcerted
When Mervin blows in with a cold.

How he caught it is shrouded in mystery,
A medical puzzle, he'll say,
He spends hours outlining its history,
But he won't stay at home for a day.

However elusive and fussy,
We're helpless at brushing him off,
We share in his pneumonococci
As we share his community cough.

We rock on our heels with his blowing;
His sneeze is sufficient to flout us,
Next week when he's healthy and glowing
There'll be ten of us coughing in chorus.

— P. J. Blackwell

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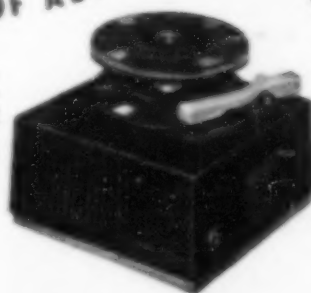
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Full short wave... \$109.00



RCA VICTOR 9-W-125 (below)

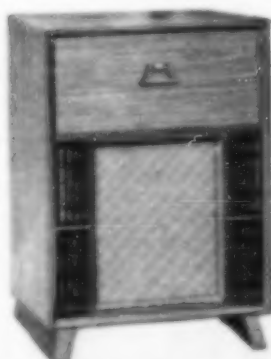
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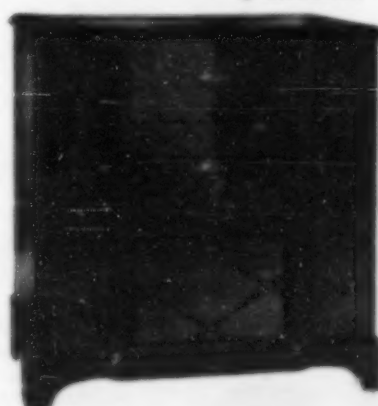


RCA VICTOR 9-W-75

Upper front panel opens down to reveal roll-out "45" automatic phonograph and highly selective 7-tube standard and short wave radio. In walnut or mahogany...

\$219.00

(In fitted case... \$229.00)



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FIRST RECORD AND PLAYER EVER DESIGNED TO WORK TOGETHER

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"45's" cost less than most shellacs... only \$1.25 for the new Red Seal Records... only 75¢ for all others. And they last up to 10 times longer... store in an ordinary bookshelf!



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Sweden Sits on the Fence

Continued from page 22

had their nature lovers too, of course, but here was an entire nation fervently devoted to the outdoors.

Most Swedes believe that this closeness to the elements gives them not only health and beauty but some sort of superior wisdom in running their affairs.

"Look at the world's statesmen," a Riksdag deputy who showed us around the parliament, told us one day. "Most of them are sick and tired. England is run by a team of ailing men. So is Russia. Also remember some recent victims of high pressure: Zhdanov, Forrestal, Dimitrov. Then look at our king who at the age of 91 is the world's oldest monarch."

He paused for a moment, continued: "If you always keep in direct contact with nature you are bound to acquire a strong sense of the possible. You don't fall into extremes or harbor any illusions but have enough discernment to apply the golden rule. That's why Sweden's Socialists managed to perform the neatest trick of the century: to give the masses freedom from want without destroying the freedom of enterprise."

The deputy, not a Socialist, told us that 95% of all Swedish firms were still in private hands. They were subjected to fewer controls than businessmen in many a non-Socialist country. And yet the Government had succeeded in creating a social security system that accompanied all Swedes from the cradle to the grave.

"Each citizen is entitled to free education, free medical care and a substantial old-age pension after his 67th year," the M.P. said proudly. "If a family is poor enough the state literally showers it with maternity benefits, children's grants, rent subsidies, scholarships, fuel contributions and rebates on foodstuffs and clothing. You may meet a few people in this country who have too much but you will find even fewer who have too little."

The state also watches that no Swede dies from overwork. Here are some samples of its solicitude: Three thousand maid servants are being paid out of public funds to lend a hand to particularly busy housewives. In every hotel room a poster describes at length what duties the porter can be expected to fulfill for the 25% service charge. "The porter will transport your luggage from the room to the lobby when you depart," it says, "but he is not obliged to carry it from the lobby to a vehicle outside the building. If he renders such a service he is entitled to an extra tip."

The West's Strongest "Ally"

On walking through the parliament building we passed by a door carrying the inscription, "Commission for Holiday Selection." That intrigued us and we asked our guide what people were doing in there.

"Oh, the Government recently discovered that we were working too much," he explained casually. "You see we have only 16 holidays a year and the cabinet figured we ought to have 18. So it appointed a commission to choose two more annual days of rest, one secular and one religious."

No wonder the Swedes wouldn't fight in World War II, wouldn't join the Atlantic Pact. They want to preserve this welfare state even if it means again letting others do the fighting for the principles it is built on. That is merely "superior wisdom" in their eyes. What is more amazing,

however, is the ingenueness with which they expect others to rush to their aid in case of emergency.

"Our policy is simple," a Stockholm news executive told me over the lunch table. "If the Russians attack the West and leave us alone we are going to stay neutral. But if they invade our country we will fight and try to hold out until Allied reinforcements arrive."

"And why do you figure the Western Powers will do for you what you aren't willing to do for them?" I asked.

"Because we will be the strongest ally they are going to find in Europe," he replied without hesitation.

Yet the fact is that the Swedes are going out of their way to keep the Russian bear in good humor. They did not join the Atlantic Pact because he might have taken umbrage. They soft-pedal all reports about their growing military strength. They even feed him candy—in form of ball bearings, tungsten, phosphorus, hydro-turbines, power stations and geological research equipment.

These goods are the same items with which the Swedes used to appease the Nazis during the war. But Hitler had to pay for them in cash whereas Stalin gets them on credit—the one billion crowns credit Sweden granted to the Soviet Union in 1946. A large quota of Swedish production also goes to Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary who have obtained loans for another half billion crowns from Stockholm.

World's Record for Peace

"We didn't suffer much from the war so we felt we had to do our share in rebuilding the ruins," a Swedish Foreign Office trade expert explained to me almost apologetically.

According to Allied diplomats in Stockholm this motive was not the only one though. The Swedes also hope their little "Marshall Plan" for Iron Curtain countries will persuade Moscow of their usefulness as a neutral. Moreover they hope the plan will allow them to absorb the shock caused by any recession in the West. By supplying the markets the West neglects for political reasons the Swedes pile new profits on those made during World War I and II and preserve their interior stability.

The Swedes value the safety of the community above all else. They conduct all their affairs on this principle and can get tough, even ruthless, in enforcing it. As a result their roads and air lanes are the safest in Europe; and their attitude goes a long way to explain why they also hold the world record for uninterrupted peace: 129 years.

When I rang up a friend on my arrival in Stockholm his wife answered, "I am sorry, but Gunnar is in jail." (Gunnar was a highly respected publisher.)

"What on earth has he done?" I asked.

"Oh, he bumped our car into the rear of another vehicle," the woman explained.

"And they put him in jail for that?" I was astonished.

"They found 1% alcohol in his blood so they gave him three weeks. He'll be out Friday. Why don't you come and have lunch with us Saturday?"

She didn't seem too much upset about her husband's mishap. As she told me, this sort of thing could happen to the best of Stockholmers and actually did happen every day. You go to a party in the evening and have three or four drinks. The next morning, on the way to your office, you have the bad luck to hit the fender of another fellow's car. The police give

Continued on page 38

The Inside Story of Gordon Sinclair

Continued from page 13

"I'm a Canadian and glad of it and I like being well known," he says. "Pick up Canada's biggest newspaper and you can read me; listen to the strongest independent station in British radio and you'll hear me; visit libraries and you'll find some or all of my books. Thumb through the leading magazines and you'll see my name. Why should I leave home?"

Sinclair was the first reporter sent around the world by a Canadian paper and he made the circuit four times, each by a different route. He hopes to go again with a tape recorder.

He stands five-foot seven, weighs 160 lb., and has blue-grey eyes which his three sons say are hard as steel. He has more hair on his chest than on his oval-shaped head and pays lip service to such sports as hunting, fishing and golf though his only serious hobby is home movies. (He makes regular movies of all his children.) To the delight of many he thinks he's a shrewd poker player but puts on another six-letter word which also begins with "a."

Currently he breeds dachshunds, but from time to time he's raised rabbits, chickens, goldfish, canaries and love birds. He's given away several hundred of these but never sold one.

He likes oysters fried, raw or in stew, rare beef, chicken sandwiches, beef stew and soups, but hates eating anything alone. He thinks the Chinese are the world's best cooks, the French the most attractive women and the Italians the most carefree of peoples. If he's ever a lonely widower he'll probably live in Italy or France.

Financially, Sinclair is an oddity among reporters because he could lay hands on \$100,000 without borrowing a nickel, within a month. He has a mortgage-free home and summer place, two cars, a boat, part of an island and good stocks. He has followed an investment policy since 1932 and it's pretty simple: "Never buy unless they pay a dividend; sell the instant the dividend is passed."

He earns about \$375 a week and rejects another \$60 to \$75 by refusing to make speeches. This should make him look like a financial success but he isn't, and has been for 15 years, in debt to the Bank of Montreal. Choosing to make the bank a whiplash and glad across his own back he takes pride in the ability to borrow and is never free of debt.

But being a financial success sometimes divides homes. At radio station CFNB in Fredericton is Gordon Sinclair, Jr., who has this to say, "Dad kept hammering at us at home that a man had to do his own job, make his own decisions and live his own life. So here I am doing just that and he objected right down the line. Didn't want me to go into radio, didn't want me to leave Ontario, didn't want me to marry at 21. Well I did . . . and I'm not sorry."

The big red Sinclair home is on the banks of a creek to the west of Toronto. Acquaintances seeing this for the first time say it can't possibly be his. "Hey look—no billboard; no Neen sign. Must be some other Sinclair." There is a small aluminum name plate on the garage door, placed there years before the street was numbered. "Hap" Day, who coaches the Maple Leafs, lives seven doors away and they meet about five times every 10 years.

Three years ago, along with six other men, Sinclair was a candidate for director of his golf club and finished

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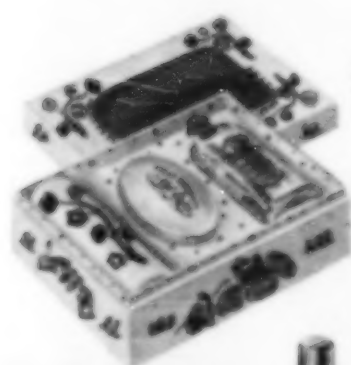
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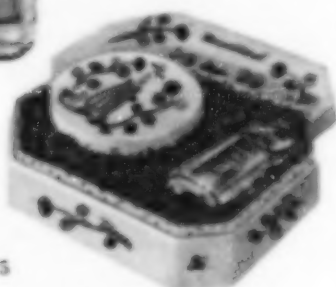


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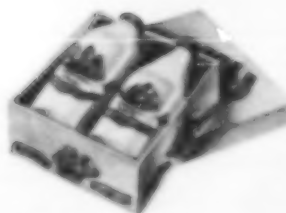


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SHULTON
TORONTO

Continued from page 36
you a blood test and find 1% firewater in your veins. The rest is automatic. You may be a prince, a millionaire, the reverend of St. Jacob's Church himself—to jail you go. There are positively no fines in Swedish traffic law.

In the field of foreign relations this national craving for security sometimes takes quite unexpected forms. One midsummer night I was up on Skansen Hill, Stockholm's lovely recreation park. The sky was still light, and the city at our feet was glittering in a rainbow of colors. Young couples were dancing gay folk dances to a violin and an accordion. As I watched a friend pointed out a blond husky fellow.

"You know who that is?" he whispered. "That's Boris Svirin, a member of the Soviet trade delegation here."

The young man was dancing with a pretty white-capped student and seemed to be carrying on a lively conversation with her.

"You mean Stalin's envoys mix with the people here just like that?" I asked. "How many of them are there in the country?"

"Our trade pact with Russia gives her the right to keep 200 men here. Actually, I think there are fewer."

"Well, aren't you afraid that they go about spying?"

"They probably do, but I don't think they will find out much. To tell you the truth, we rather like them to move around among the population. It makes them feel they don't miss anything, and that's good for our safety."

Now a Robot Bombfight

Sweden plays a tight game: she tries to appease the Russians by co-operating and trading with them and, at same time, she uses the profits from that trade to build an impressive defense force against them. Last year alone she spent more than \$300 millions for military purposes—an enormous amount for a country of 7 million inhabitants.

General Helge Jung, the Swedish chief of staff, makes no secret of the fact that he can put 600,000 trained men and four tank regiments into action at a moment's notice. These troops are equipped by the Bofors armament works which produces some of the fanciest weapons in the world today, notably for defense against jet planes and guided missiles.

And a slim dark-haired daredevil called Bengt Nordenskiöld is putting the Swedish Royal Air Force into shape. The action of a family of seafarers and scientists he intends to live up to his symbolic surname, "Shield of the North." He never flew a plane until he was 42, then graduated from flying school as the best student in his class. Today at 55 he commands an air fleet spearheaded by 1,006 first-line planes, many of them up-to-the-minute jet fighters. His fleet also has an automatic robot bombfight believed to be unique.

The bombfight inventor, engineer Erik Wilkinson, told me: "All the pilot has to do is to push a button which sets the robot in motion and then dive toward the target. As he comes out of his dive and is in perfect position the sight releases the bomb by itself. We have made amazingly successful experiments with the new device. It can hit tanks, ships and other front-line objective with almost 100% accuracy."

To all this add the factor "X" of Sweden's advanced atomic research. Her top-notch team of nuclear scientists has made "good progress" in the last two years and may upset the calculations of the world's general

staffs one day. I was told, in particular, that Dr. Einar Ekclund, the team's youngest member, is working right now on a new device liable to revolutionize atomic warfare.

For the time being, though, Sweden can only count on what she has. Even General Jung doesn't claim that he could repel potential invaders. He merely would try to slow them down for 30 days while falling back into a special defense area where his troops could produce their own ammunition and jet planes in underground plants. In this redoubt, he believes, he could hold out for another 90 days, sufficient time for outside aid to arrive.

It is by no means sure that such aid would be forthcoming, as the Swedes seem to expect. When I questioned one of the highest Allied sources in Stockholm on this matter he was cautious.

"If Sweden is invaded as part of a general attack against the West," he said, "she would probably receive immediate assistance. But in a less clear-cut case it must be kept in mind that no country is obliged to do more for Sweden than the United Nations as a whole decide."

One evening I was invited to a party in one of those ultramodern districts on the islands of Stockholm. We noticed an unusual activity in the streets. Blond young people were running around in steel helmets, stretcher bearers carried limp bodies to Red Cross cars, matrons wearing gas masks emerged from basements. It was a scene I hadn't witnessed since 1944 in London.

"What happened?" I asked my host who greeted us in blue overalls with smudges all over his face. "Can we do something?"

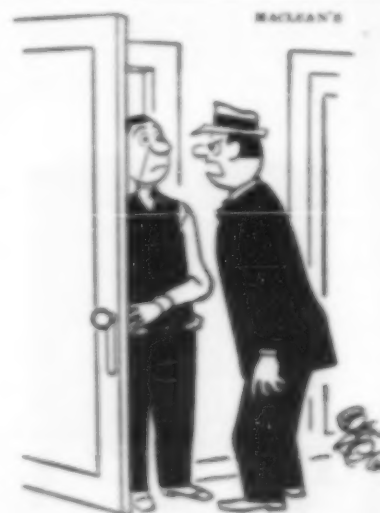
"No thanks," he said. "It's just our weekly air-raid drill. We've got a new instructor this month and he likes things realistic."

My friend took his warden duties very seriously and told me that, by the end of the year, every building in Stockholm would have its own shelter.

"Do you realize," I said, "that you are the only people in Europe who are doing this? All the others have buried their stretchers and gas masks in the remotest corners of their homes."

"We know," he answered, "only don't forget they've got allies. We haven't."

So the Swedes pay the price of isolationism by living in a state of permanent alert. Sweden First is a convenient slogan but it has one drawback: it might be adopted elsewhere too. ★



"What do you mean you don't let strangers in to see the television? I live here!"

becoming known as a writer of short stories. Soon afterward the Star decided to buy whatever animal the children of Toronto would vote upon—through coupons in the paper—as a gift to the zoo.

A baby elephant was the popular choice and a task force of reporters and photographers was assigned to glorify Stella the pachyderm. Then, hating to drop such a profitable stunt, the Star decided to buy a white peacock too because this bird had been second choice in the voting.

Hemingway was ordered to beat the drums for this peacock and indignantly resigned with what was probably the longest, wordiest and most brilliant resignation in the history of journalism. This resignation, about 18 feet long, was posted to the staff notice board, in relays, by admiring juniors of whom one was Sinclair. None realized that had the paper been kept it could now have been sold for the price of a new car. When Stella died of rickets Sinclair tenderly wrote her obit which ran two columns.

For about three years Sinclair was a picture snatcher. Once, in the course of seeking a picture of a missing murderer, he found another victim, crawling with maggots, to add to the killer's chain. Once he snatched the wrong picture which was printed with subsequent uproar and twice he callously photographed corpses. To make them lifelike he pinned their eyes open but the editor was not deceived and the pictures were never used.

The turning point of his rough-and-tumble career came in 1929 when a hobo jungle on Toronto's outskirts was raided by police who scooped up more than 100 vagrants.

Editor Hindmarsh decided no city would detain so many drifters so assigned a reporter to go with these bums when they were ordered out of town. Sinclair accidentally drew the assignment.

Boots Sinclair Goes to Sea

That night he linked up with a small group headed by a noisy sailor and they crossed the U. S. border in the empty ice compartment of a refrigerator car. But on the third day Sinclair got into an argument with the sailor over whether the Himalayas were in India or Australia. The sailor attacked Sinclair with a stick, opened a gash over his eye, and by evening time the Star's hobo reporter was on a rattler headed for home.

Satisfied that he had no story he wrote nothing, took a day off then reported to his desk. But Dave B. Rogers, editor of that day, took one look at the mouse over Sinclair's eye and persuaded him to write something.

So the story of the journey with bums was put down and left in the editor's mailbox. Sinclair went home and dug in his garden. The story was not printed and nobody was surprised.

But a day or so afterward Fred Davis, later to become famed as the original photographer of Papa Dionne's five daughters, came and said, "Hey, Sinclair, what have you been up to? I'm to take your picture."

Sinclair looked in his own assignment box and there was the hobo story returned: "H. C. H. likes this. Please break it up into six installments and hand them back soonest. D. B. R."

The story was broken into four parts (one for each day of the journey) and printed on page one. But it ended abruptly just as the bums were planning to head for England.

"How come?" asked various readers. "Why didn't this man continue? It was interesting."

Sinclair was paraded, shown the

letters, told: "Start out again tonight. Catch up with those boys. Sail to England."

Sinclair never did see his bozar companions again but he wangled a job as assistant boots aboard the Laurentic, brushed aside certain union difficulties, and found the job the softest possible because nobody can get their boots dirty at sea. He landed in Liverpool on a rainy midsummer day, was soon coughing and spluttering in one of the countless tunnels which make red riding impossible in Britain.

To wind up that trip he went to Germany which was just beginning to emerge from a postwar stupor. Then the plot repeated itself. Returning unheralded from Germany he found letters from old pal Pro Bono Publico demanding why he hadn't stayed on to tour Germany.

So back to Germany he went, and the news career which was soon to become the most far-flung in Canadian records was well launched.

It was no longer hobo stuff but first-class, and by 1932 visits with such personalities as the exotic Maharajah of Cooh Behar were part of the glamour.

"Just a Glamour-Struck Kid"

Typical of the reaction to Sinclair's first visit to India is the comment of Sergeant Sean O'Duffy, late of the King's Own Liverpool Yeomanry.

"That lying rat. I have positive information that when Sinclair was supposed to be floating down the Ganges on a wood burner's barge he was holed up in the Palliser Hotel at Calgary. He never so much as saw India."

Or this from Corporal Donald MacDonald, of the Gordon Highlanders. "I was stationed with the regiment in the Khyber Pass throughout 1932 and 1933. I was corporal of the guard right on the pass gate at Landhi Khotal. No man, woman or ghost could go through the pass unless I knew about it. Well this here Sinclair wrote hundreds of pieces about Khyber tribesmen and I agree with Sergeant O'Duffy—the man's a fake and a phony."

Sinclair has a collection of more than 1,000 such bristling epistles.

He also has such personal documents as letters of credit, passports and registered letter receipts. These show the exact day on which he was in every city he claimed to be in. The sergeants and corporals have not bothered to accept invitations to examine these papers. Nor have the countless anonymous writers whose label is "Indignant," "Britisher," or "Truth Will Out."

During spells between the exotic spice gardens of the Orient, the prison stockades of Devil's Island, or the gold camps of Yellowknife, Sinclair spent much time, cooling off, in the Star's spacious doghouse. The technique seemed to be that the man was getting swelled-headed and the way to whittle him down to size was have him write meetings of the ladies' aid, obituaries of pious but obscure citizens and promotion about photogenic terraces or trained seals.

The firings were usually done during these restless periods between trips. A fellow reporter describes it this way with uncanny accuracy:

"Gord Sinclair likes to kid himself he's a colorful and independent personality, but the fact is he's a glamour-struck kid who fell passionately in love with that Jewish the Toronto Daily Star. This has been the motivating force in his life. Evidence: The Star made Sinclair happy by sending him round the world. Then, like any lover,

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last. It's said that he got no votes whatever. Many mongolfiers find him equally resistible.

The trigger-tempered Gordon Sinclair was born on a Sunday while the wolves howled 200 yards away and disturbed the doctor's horse tethered outside.

But this was no honey little cabin deep in a forest clearing. Sinclair's birthplace was on Toronto's Carlton Street, five doors from the gate of the Riverdale Zoo where there were plenty of hungry wolves. They usually let go with mournful howls about 7 in the evening. At that time on the evening of June 3, 1900, young Gordon joined in the chorus.

That was in the home of his grandfather, a flour miller named Albert Robert Esley. The next day Alexander ("Sandy") Sinclair went to the city hall aboard one of those new electric streetcars to register his first-born as Gordon Allan Sinclair. The future reporter was 21 before he discovered that, on the official record, his first name was not Gordon but Allan. Nobody has ever called him Allan.

A Drowning on Yonge Street

His one memory of the Carlton Street house was the Saturday night when friends brought the owner home dead. Granddad Esley had been drowned on Yonge Street, and we do mean street. He'd fallen into a horse trough outside a pub and there he died while his drunken pals laughed as though it were a grand joke. There were few phones and no taxis in those days so the pals carried Esley home and placed him, without advance notice, inside the front door. He didn't leave a dime but he did leave 10 children.

By the time school age came around the Sinclairs had moved to the east side of Riverdale Park and Gordon was enrolled at Bolton School. His turbulent career started soon afterward when he was expelled by Principal R. J. Blaney at the demand of a plump schoolmistress.

On the day of reinstatement there was a lot of philosophical chatter about futures in which Blaney predicted, "This boy will one day earn \$5,000 a year." In those times they might as well have said, "This here gaffer will fly to the moon."

With home on one side of the 200 and grandma on the other, young Sinclair frequently crossed the park. Once he saw a keeper turn to pieces by an infuriated bear. Another time he watched a leopard escape.

Bolton School was followed by Riverdale Collegiate. It was 1915. When a former classmate, Melbourne Pannone, then a junior in the Bank of Nova Scotia, enlisted he was asked to suggest a youth to take his place. Sinclair got the nod.

Ten months later Sinclair was fired for accidentally hitting the manager with a wet counting sponge. He went to Eaton's as a punk in the bookkeeping end and promptly got the heave-ho for saving a customer.

Next he tried to sell outrageous perfume. Few sales; no job. Soon afterward the perfume boss blew his brains out, but that's mere coincidence. Calendars followed and Sinclair was fired for criticizing such higher art. Rubber came next. One of the reasons why the Sinclair books failed to sell in the rubber emporium was a blond and buxom switchboard girl named Gladys Elizabeth Prewett. In 18 months Gladys will celebrate her silver anniversary as Mrs. You Know Who.

At the time of this bookkeeping courtship Sinclair was playing hockey in a church league of little consequence.

He was indignant when the team's games never drew publicity. The rickety old Toronto Star building was a block from the rubber office so Sinclair went there to try and learn the why of this neglect.

Sports editor W. A. Hewitt explained that he had no reporters to send to such small games but if Sinclair chose to write the stuff it would be printed. What's more he'd be paid.

Thereafter the Hope Church team was never overlooked and a spindly kid named Sinclair began to taste the thrill of seeing his deathless prose in print.

In March 1923, when the outdoor hockey season ended, Sinclair decided that this writing dodge was built to measure for his free-wheeling style so he asked the Star for a job as reporter.

In response came a letter from H. C. Hindmarsh, then city editor and now president, to name an interview date for Thursday. The letter was dated Monday but was not received until Thursday noon. The budding reporter did a headlong race for the Star building and asked the elevator man where to find this guy Hindmarsh.

"Why," came the reply, "that's Mr. Hindmarsh there."

A giant looking like a sergeant of the Prussian Guards stood puffing a cigar the general size and outline of a prime cucumber. Sinclair asked if he was Hindmarsh and was ignored. He asked again and the cigar walked away with Sinclair in pursuit.

The pursuit resulted in a job that carried him to the world's far places, and frequent tenancy in the Star's doghouse. Hindmarsh has since fired and hired Sinclair as many times as either have fingers but there's no hard feeling either way.

On his opening morn as a cub reporter Sinclair got the absent treatment for an hour or so and was then summoned by a dusky deskman who said, "There's a man on Robert Street keeps monkeys. One of his monkeys has just died. It was a male and this chap says the female monkey nursed this sick one like crazy. Rocked him, crooned to him, fed him and all that. Go up and see if it's true. If so get a picture of the surviving monkey. We don't want a story—just cut lines for the picture."

Photographer Fred Foster picked up flash powder and a camera about the size of a truck and he and Sinclair went forth on the first assignment in a noisy career.

The monkey owner said he wouldn't allow flash powder to be put off in his monkey's face.

Hemingway Had Had Enough

Sinclair knew just where to find plenty of monkeys. He'd been born and raised beside their cages. So that night a monkey's picture appeared with a touching little story about simian illness, and the owner came storming down to demand explanations.

Thus the Star editorial board became conscious of a cocksure cub who now took to reading everything he could lay hands on about news work. His favorite, then as now, was H. L. Mencken.

At that time the Star had no sub editors or feminine editors. After two years, to his great surprise, Sinclair became woman's editor. He was the worst in Canada, but it was several years afterward when he tried his hand at sports writing—that he discovered how it felt to be really bad. Happily he was fired from both jobs and put to general reporting.

He helped cover a story about the Japanese earthquake of 1923 with Ernest Hemingway, who was already



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he got enough of it, refused to hop from India to Ethiopia, returned to spend Christmas with his family (really to show he could take his lady love or leave her), was ordered to go to Ethiopia anyway, gave in and went. Felt like a fool coming on stage so late, rebelled again and came home. Got what he was looking for. Hindmarsh fired him by letter this time, and it stuck. Now he's gone back to her. It's strictly a commercial proposition with the old gal, but again he has demonstrated that he can't keep away from her."

Of the 23 foreign journeys undertaken during an unbroken spell of 11 years Sinclair lists five weeks on Devil's Island as the most profitable because it gave him a syndication of about 300 papers. Most of his trips have resulted in syndication of about 20 Canadian papers plus some in Britain, Australia and Africa.

His most successful book, "Footnote in India," was written in 19 days and Sinclair hasn't read it to this minute. Oddly enough the Devil's Island articles, as a book, were a disappointing flop.

His most frustrating journey was the one to Ethiopia mentioned above. When the Star threw him out that time he wrote advertising, helped Foster Hewitt by doing the 'tween-periods chatter on the coast-to-coast hockey games and made the horrifying discovery that he was expected to keep regular hours.

Then Lou Marsh, colorful sports editor of the Star, died and Sinclair rejoined the paper as sports reporter. Only one good thing happened during 18 months. In covering a golf tournament Sinclair got into a crap game where he went broke, smoked 100 cigarettes and got stinko on gin. That was 12 years ago and he's never smoked, shot crap, used gin or gone broke since.

He was one of the laziest sports writers in the history of ink and eventually pleaded for a chance to regain the carefree spirit by going with hobos again. The Star cut his pay 40% and turned him loose. Sinclair headed for Florida, spent two idle weeks there then heard of a gold rush at Yellowknife and went north. He talked to the pioneers of that camp from Paine to Ingraham, to Thompson to Lundmark, and eventually crossed the Pacific to visit such Manchurian cities as Harbin, Mukden, and Manchouli. There he crossed a wooden bridge into Siberia but after eight hours the Russians sent him south again.

Gee! He Knows Winchell

He spent the spring of 1939 in Peking and later joined Richard Haliburton ("The Royal Road to Romance") in Kowloon. There he got instructions to come back to Canada and help cover the cross-country tour of the King and Queen.

Twenty minutes before sailing he was aboard Haliburton's junk, Sea Dragon, and the two vessels cast off at the same moment. Sinclair was to cross the Pacific aboard the biggest liner on that ocean and Haliburton in a small junk. Only one made it. Sinclair was the last man living to photograph the worried adventurer.

Walter Winchell, whom he knows personally, has labeled Sinclair "Richard Haliburton with a man's voice." Sinclair has twice been guest conductor of the Winchell column.

Sinclair's blond and chunky wife sometimes carries a picket against him, charging egotism, laziness and extravagance—qualities seldom found in the same personality.

"He's been lucky," she scoffs. "Sin-

clair was sent to Europe 20 years ago and he's been cashing in on that trip ever since. The many subsequent journeys to such weird spots as Borneo, Arabia, Togoland and heaven knows where else were just afterthoughts. He became a big shot in his own mind when he got off the Laurentic, in England, in 1929.

"It gives me a laugh to hear him telling the boys about self-reliance, standing on your own feet and asking no favors. My Dad gave him a piece of land on which he built a house, then lent him the money to get the roof on. After that his parents helped us furnish the place. A moneylender put up the rest at 7 1/2%." When Mr. Atkinson of the Star heard about that outrageous interest he took over the mortgage and collected the money from Gordon's pay. Then he gave him a raise to make up for the deductions.

"When we moved to the house we live in now it was my idea. I selected the land on the golf course with a clean creek at the back door. Then I got an architect to draw up the plans and all Gordon did was sign some papers. He was off in Venice swimming in that Lido.

"Another thing that irritates me is all that talk about being Scottish. He's no more Scottish than Stalin is. He was born in Toronto of a Canadian father and an American mother, but he's always buying up tartans, cairngorms and heather. This year at the Exhibition some woman showed him a kilt in the Sinclair tartan so he bought the thing. It will make a nice feed for the moths.

Stooges and Boffo Chuckles

"Usually he's pretty generous, but sometimes he gets into one of those 'we gotta be careful' streaks. There was a Christmas when he didn't know what to give me, or maybe he didn't think at all. Anyhow at the last minute he comes in with a couple of \$100 Victory Bonds. A few months later he says he's going to trade in the hundreds and buy a \$1,000 bond, so where do you suppose the thousand went? Into his deposit box, that's where!

"When the war ended he went around to different dealers ordering cars. After a few months he got a Chevrolet and then came one of those big Studebakers, a 'land cruiser.' He bought that, too, and gave me the Chev. About a year later he says he's got a real nice treat. It's a new Studebaker, only to get it he has to deal in the Chev... sign here. So I sign and the new Studebaker comes, a green one. But whose name is it in?... his name! The man's an Indian giver.

"And that stuff he spouts about hard

work and always thinking of the main chance. Man and boy that Sinclair never worked regular hours in his life. At first he'd start working at 7 in the morning and sometimes he'd work at night, too, but he was free every afternoon. Then he got interested in shows and started writing for that slap-dash show paper called Variety.

"He went around acting like a critic. He called people hicks, flesh peddlers, flaks, stooges, straight men, and all that lingo of show business. Everybody was laying eggs, rolling 'em in the aisles, or making with boffo chuckles—whatever they are.

A Cadillac for Redheads

"He had passes to everything and thought it smart to bring showgirls home here. Had a Cadillac, too, and clothes that shone up like forest fires. He still wears clown clothes and has at least 20 jackets. One day he landed in here with a big redheaded woman. We had a little car then besides this green Cadillac with all the chrome. This day I was driving the green car so he comes in and says he wants it because this redhead is Aimee Semple Macpherson the big evangelist and he's driving her to Ingersoll where she was born, or something.

"Well, I say he's plumb mad and if this is Aimee Macpherson I'm Cleopatra. The big redhead laughs like crazy and they go out in the kitchen where she whips up a few Martinis and I'm blown if she didn't turn out to be Mrs. Macpherson after all.

"But I was talking about the few years when he used to go downtown at 7. For the past 10 years he's never been out of bed before 9 unless he had a fishing date or maybe golf, and he's off doing the town by 2 in the afternoon.

"What writing Gordon does comes so easy to him that you can't believe it. I remember a day last July when we were up at the cottage and it started to rain so there wasn't much to do. He sat down at a typewriter and put three articles together before supertime. Sold them all.

"I know he didn't get that gift for fast writing out of a Christmas stocking. He got it from reading. That's probably the feature about my husband that most people overlook, especially the many who don't like him. He reads for hours. He reads in bed, at meals, in moving cars or trains or planes. He looks things up, too, and has big dictionaries, books of synonyms, year books and an encyclopedia.

"Another thing he reads a lot is the Bible, but he doesn't believe a lot of it and sometimes says so in the wrong places. That leads to arguments too, but when that kind of bullhuloo gets going I leave. Life's too short." ★

NEXT ISSUE

His Holiness, The Pope, in Color

by YOUSUF KARSH

A full-page full-color portrait by the world's greatest photographer. In accompanying articles, Karsch tells how he photographed the Pope, and correspondent Nerin Gun tells of the Pontiff's life in the Vatican, world's strangest city.

DEC. 15 ISSUE

ON SALE DEC. 9

ment heads full authority to run their own show, makes a twice-a-day sortie through the plant from air frames to engine design to the testhouse where the tornado lives, catching the feel of the whole purring Avro machine.

About the time Deisher was burying himself in an aircraft plant for the duration, Hamilton-born Fred Smye was being dispatched to New York at the tender age of 24 to help Canada's Department of Munitions and Supply buy war goods. He developed a knowing eye for an aircraft contract, negotiated half a billion dollars worth of same in Washington, finally became assistant to aircraft production boss Ralph Bell in Ottawa.

"We spent a good part of the war on our hands and knees, begging the British and Americans for engines and other equipment to put in the planes we built here," recalls Smye, still smarting. "I swore then that Canadians would never have to do that again if I could help it."

Four Engines, Not Two

Today this handsome six-footer (now 33) with blond hair combed straight back, a liking for tan shoes, knitted ties and sharp black-and-white pinpoint checks, is Avro Canada's assistant general manager—for which read spark plug. He holds down the No. 2 managerial spot in the same friendly and relaxed manner in which Bing Crosby tosses off a ballad.

No matter what Dobson's intentions (he once asked Smye, "Are you fellows working for me or the Canadian Government?"), Deisher and Smye determined Avro's Malton plant was going to be no offshoot but native growth. Eighty-five per cent of the 350 designers engaged on the three current

projects are Canadians as are almost all the skilled tradesmen. Yet, realizing that Canadians had no experience in designing modern aircraft, they adopted the next best course of hiring crack British experts and turning them into fervent maple leaf wavers in minimum elapsed time.

As top man on the air frame side they hired E. H. Atkin, formerly assistant chief designer at Avro Manchester, a stocky, middle-aged Briton who looks intensely practical behind his horn-rimmed spectacles. Atkin has tersely stated the nightmare factor in pioneering in this swiftly changing field:

"Your aircraft is going to take three or four years to build. If you design it to suit an already well-proven engine, your power plant will be obsolete before your plane is in the air. If you decide to build it to suit an engine of more advanced but still untried design, the engine's sure to turn out no good. You can't win!"

Avro Canada, first deciding that its Jetliner would have two engines, took a calculated risk on a new power plant, and lost. There was no time to build an engine if Avro was to get its product on the market ahead of the crowd, so it decided to import Rolls Royces. But after nearly two years and more than \$1 million had been spent at Malton on design and construction of a twin-engined transport, reports from Britain began to make it increasingly clear that the desired Rolls Royce jets wouldn't be ready soon enough. So the design was changed to accommodate four less powerful Rolls Royce Derwent engines, but engines of a type which have already flown more than 150,000 hours in military aircraft.

Now the Avro Canadians agree it was a change for the better because their Jetliner thus acquired not only a thoroughly proven engine but the additional safety margin of a four-engine ship.

Not the engines but the hydraulic equipment (another imported item) caused all 3,500 Malton planebuilders, plus a few thousand bystanders, to hold their breath for a new record of one and a quarter hours during the Jetliner's second time up. The obstinate refusal of the undergear to lower produced an unplanned burst of headlines which only served to publicize the new ship's rugged airworthiness. For after long and futile efforts to lower the wheels to landing position, pilot Jim Orrell finally declared, "Nuts—I'm coming in for lunch," and he set her down on her belly without denting more than the equivalent of a few fenders.

To Kidnap an Aerodynamicist

At an earlier date managers Deisher and Smye had known a moment when they felt like denting their own heads together, after unwittingly misplacing a prime ingredient necessary to developments on the gas turbine side of their great experiment. Actually the jet engine project got off to a screaming good start thanks to the fact that a wartime crown company named Turbo Research had already started to design a trial power plant. As part of the RCAF deal, about 86 Turbo Research personnel and some equipment were shifted from Leaside, northeastern Toronto suburb, across the top of the city to Malton. Most of the 86 had been badly bitten by the jet bug and were tickled to see a new field for accomplishment open up; but one member of the design team insisted that any patentable ideas he developed must remain his own property (actually title to both the Orenda engine and the fighter plane is vested in the Crown) and he had bigger ideas of his untried

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Continued from page 21

It is a polished steel and gun-metal monster three and a half feet in diameter and 10 feet long. Inside the circular cowling at the front gleams a shiny nose bullet, radiating from which can be seen some of the more than 2,000 compressor blades. Mounted in "stages"—half stationary, the others whirling at about 7,000 revolutions per minute—these suck in air (all the air in your living room in a second), compress it five times and pump it into a series of combustion chambers, each a miniature blast furnace. Kerosene is squirted into these chambers, where it burns. Superheated gases expand so swiftly that they go swooshing out the tailpipe at more than 1,200 miles an hour.

Watch a toy balloon go squirting about the room when you release it, and you get the jet idea. And remember that gas turbine engines no more powerful than the Orenda have driven fighter planes through the sonic barrier.

The RCAF keeps mum about the end result of the Orenda's complex test-performance figures but Canada and foreign observers are known to be more than impressed.

"If you had reached this stage of development three years from now," exclaimed managing director Ernest W. Hives, of Rolls Royce, on a visit from the U. K., "I'd have said you'd put up a very good show."

Avro Canada started just four years ago this month with an abandoned war plant, plenty of ideas and almost no equipment. The development of two new planes and a new engine in that short time was at times threatened by some postwar breed of jet-propelled gremlin. The pioneers were forced to change horsepower in midstream, race against the deadline of expiring government appropriations and in some instances race overseas to find the right man for a specialized job.

A "Flying Fool" at the Controls

The half a dozen huge and airy buildings on Avro Canada's 80 Malton acres, where today 3,500 designers, patternmakers, machine-tool operators, bookkeepers and stenographers are busily at work, was formerly the home of Victory Aircraft, a wartime crown company. It was here that Sir Roy Dobson, president of A. V. Roe of Britain and a director of the powerful Hawker-Sidley group (a British General Motors with wings), raised an interested English eyebrow at the sight of Canadian workmen who'd never seen an aircraft close up before turning out his giant Lancaster bombers at the rate of one a day. At war's end he leased the plant (since purchased outright) from the Government, signed two contracts with the RCAF for production of a fighter plane and an engine to power it, and one with the Department of Trade and Commerce for assistance with the production of the Jetliner.

The RCAF has so far put up probably \$5 millions for the development and building of the first two sample fighters, plus a few "preproduction" models, and about twice that much for jet engine developments. (Actual cost of building the experimental Chinook, forerunner of the Orenda, came within \$70,000 of estimates.) As a result, both items are the property of the Canadian Government.

U. S. planemakers have estimated it would cost them \$20 millions to \$30 millions to develop a jet-engine transport; Avro figures on doing it for closer to \$10 millions. Avro's government

contract simply stipulates that Trade and Commerce will contribute "from time to time" to such costs. The public purse may be snapped shut at any moment, and neither the government nor TCA is under any obligation to buy Jetliners, though TCA helped draw up the original performance specifications.

Upward of \$30 millions has thus been put into A. V. Roe Canada Ltd., something more than \$15 millions of it by the Canadian taxpayer. The rest was raised by loans advanced by Canadian banks against collateral put up in Britain by Hawker-Sidley.

Once the papers were signed Sir Roy, scarcely lingered long enough to accept the presidency of the new concern, then returned to London with a confident that's-that air.

His confidence was due to the key-men he had left in charge at Malton. In vice-president and general manager Walter Deisher he had caught one of those rare specimens, a "flying fool" of the pre-Lindbergh era who not only stuck doggedly with the scarebrained new aviation business but finally saw it pay off. Deisher, who celebrated his 59th birthday the day following his Jetliner's official flight, is a Virginia-born Canadian by choice who had a pilot's card signed by Orville Wright tacked close to his heart when he came to Canada in 1913.

He had a hand in the early struggles of Fleet Aircraft, at Fort Erie, Ont., between the wars, ended World War II at the Fleet control stick. Fleet produced U. S.-designed Cornell trainers at a rate of seven a day, which bettered total production of three equally large U. S. plants—and Fleet built them cheaper.

A short, stubby and energetic businessman with a grey toothbrush mustache, Deisher gives his depart-

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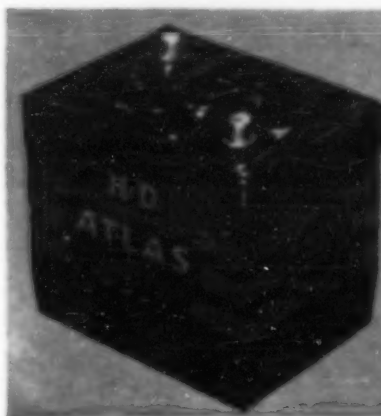
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worth than Avro at that point was prepared to pay.

"Finally, we tired of dickering and told him to beat it," recalls Fred Smye sadly. "He did, and it wasn't till too late we twigged that it took an aerodynamics man to design the all-important blades for the engine compressor—and this guy we threw out was the only such specialist we had."

The new gas turbine division registered severe shock when it discovered what management had unwittingly done, but its two head men knew where to go for a replacement.

Gas turbine boss Paul Dillworth and project designer Winnett Boyd had been pals since engineering days at University of Toronto. Boyd, 33, is a chunky, smiling enthusiast; Dillworth, 34, is slim, angular and more the serious or slide-rule type of engineer. Both confess to having developed a crusading determination while at college that Canada must some day design and build her own aircraft engines.

To meet the emergency Boyd went off to England to kidnap an aerodynamicist from Power Jets Ltd., which had been the world's first jet aero engine laboratory under Air Commodore Sir Frank Whittle, the Columbus of the gas-turbine age.

The victim was 25-year-old Harry Keast. The Cambridge and Whittle-trained youth reported for work at Malton August 8, 1946, was given five weeks to design the vital compressor blades, each one a tiny airfoil, the curve of whose surface—like those of an aircraft wing—must be calculated with awesome cunning and precision. Keast met the deadline and it began to look as if Avro's strange new gadget might have a compressor, after all.

Nobody at Avro Canada will ever forget March 17, 1948, the day they pushed the button on the experimental Chinook, their first jet engine. They didn't even get a chance to try out their baby in secret; their customers were breathing down their necks.

RCAF officials who had ordered the engine had seen two years and a lot of money go by without getting any results to show an appropriations committee. Now, with the end of another government fiscal year only 14 days away, all future development might hang on what happened when Dillworth, Boyd & Co. pushed that button. As a result the technicians could scarcely get elbow room in the engine testhouse for nervous RCAF brass hats and Avro top management.

"You could hear the knees knocking all the way into the village of Malton," recalls Fred Smye, "but when the boys

pushed the button she started up as obediently as your car."

The RCAF, however, viewed the Chinook's construction chiefly as a trial run for the Avro engine builders and not nearly powerful enough for their new fighter. Before Chinook was even running Dillworth and Boyd were called to Ottawa for a conference at which the Air Force laid down performance requirements for the new engine; these were so far beyond those of any known engine at that time that the two Avro jaws dropped in unison, and the engine team crept numbly out of RCAF Headquarters still shaking their heads.

Soon after their departure their RCAF colleagues were startled by two loud explosions. These reports were later established to have been backfires from a truck, but a British jet expert who had been at the conference was heard to exclaim, "I say—you don't suppose those poor chaps . . . ?"

The Fighter's Still in Wraps

Engine No. 2 was the Orenda, which after weeks and months of further stratospheric mathematical calculations and many a production headache was guest of honor at another knee-quaking coming-out party in February this year. Again the button was pushed and again the blasting of the new engine's jet stream was dwarfed only by the joint sigh of relief which went up from all parties concerned.

Until the RCAF lets it out from under wraps the story behind the fighter plane remains a blank, but confident conclusions can be drawn from the fact that the project designer immediately responsible for its heft and size and shape is J. C. M. Frost, the same man whose sure hand laid out the lines of de Havilland's 108—the first British plane to fly faster than the speed of sound.

Some conclusions about Avro Canada's campaign to assure that its imported experts go native without delay can also be drawn from the case history of Englishman Jack Frost.

Frost brought his wife and infant son to Canada less than three years ago. They promptly homesteaded in a barren suburban development north of Toronto; they built the second home on the street. Since then a new district has grown up about them and Mrs. Frost says she's made more friends in her new home than she ever had in England.

"Newcomers?" exclaims hotshot designer Frost. "Why, we're pioneer stock!" ★



Stop That Marriage

Continued from page 11

McBranty Detective Agency
NYC

28 July, 1949.

Fred Sjoberg,
Sjoberg Supply,
NYC.

Dear Fred,

I wish you'd show a little more discretion. You should never put such requests in writing. I'm destroying your letter. We'll do a good job, don't worry, though right now I can't spare more than one man. Business is terrific. Divorces, blackmail and insurance frauds, you know. Put two men on as soon as I can.

Sincerely,
Joe.

McBranty Detective Agency
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Case 1040—Ann Breckenbridge
Assigned to Holloway
Report No. 1—to Mr. McBranty
Forward to
Gilbert Breckenbridge,
Gilbert Breckenbridge Associates,
Toronto.
Copy—Sjoberg Contracting Supply—
NYC.

Operative located young lady at
Astor Hotel via questioning of door-
man, bellboys, taxicab driver and a few
telephone calls. Young lady did not
register under different name.

Very easy to shadow this person.
Hair is golden blond, figure excellent,
walks determinedly. Can follow her
in a crowd by merely watching long
line of male heads turn. Used to being
stared at so doesn't notice operative
much. Used to being followed, too, I
think.

Young lady met gentleman drugstore
lunch counter. Greeted with passionate

him. Everybody stared. Kisses
oblivious of everybody. Gentleman
about twenty-five, thin, lanky, tall.
Has crew haircut. Very gloomy, har-
ried expression, despite obvious joy in
kissing young lady. His name is Pete.
Heard girl call him that. They ate
hamburgers and malted milks. He
didn't have enough to pay check.
Young lady paid check. Gentleman
carried huge portfolio. Shadowed
couple. They walked holding hands
till 3 p.m. Went to Central Park Zoo.
Talked in low, earnest tones, couldn't
catch words. He seemed to be very
bitter. Opened portfolio, showed some-
thing, waved angrily, closed portfolio
and looked up at heavens, shaking fist
wildly. Seems queer person.

Followed gentleman when couple
parted at 5 p.m.

He went to Greenwich Village. Lives
on ground floor of old brownstone. I
queried local grocer, had a drink in
local bar, and, using excuse of looking
for an apartment, rang super's bell in
young man's house. Results follow:

Grocer—Young man pays his bills
but cuts poorly. Full name Pete
Stanford. Free-lance artist. Very quiet.
Never discusses business with grocer.
This annoys grocer. Grocer sure young
man is a spy as he seems to frequent
waterfront a lot, making sketches.
Grocer asked, eagerly, if I'm from
FBI. Said I wasn't. Grocer winked.

Bartender—Bartender uncommuni-
cative in the extreme.

Landlady—Landlady is super too.
Huge woman with suspicious face.
She said she'd be having a vacancy
soon as young man in basement apart-
ment (one room) moves shortly. She
said it was all right with her too,
because of goings on. Highly immoral.
She peered through back-yard window
last week and saw nude woman posing
for painting.

Asked when he's moving. Answer,
doesn't know. Paid up till end of
month (one week away) and may leave

JASPER

By Simpkins



"Got anything for insomnia?"



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Greece, cradle of democracy in the Old

World, has fought and suffered through the centuries to retain democratic freedom. Today, many Greeks enjoy the security and privileges that Canadian citizenship affords.

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arrived for the preacher to come to tie the knot and, of course, he didn't come either.

When Smitty and I came back from having a heart-to-heart talk with the preacher the situation, as we used to say in the army where I was an M.P., was really snafu. The young lady had a grim look on her face and her eyes were blazing with the light of battle. She was telling Pete not to worry. She kissed him and went off to look for another preacher. Meanwhile the couch was out on the sidewalk and the people of the neighborhood were gathering around, attracted by the spirit of the sidewalk superintendents.

Pete was giving the moving men a hot argument. They said it couldn't be done. He said it could be done. They said go ahead and do it, we can't. Pete said then off and sat down on the couch and held his head in his hands like he was sick.

The crowd was getting bigger, standing around giving all sorts of advice. A lady of sixty said it was just too bad, what a pity, now he'd have to throw the couch away. Pete said in a loud voice that he would not. It was a couch that turned into a bed and it cost him three hundred and twenty-five dollars and it was only six months old and he wasn't going to lose the value in it.

An old guy with big shoulders, dressed in a nice suit, was listening, staring at Pete. He asked Pete what he was going to do. Pete jumped up, looking mad. We'll get it in, he said. Those moving men are lazy crooks. I'll take the door off and we'll move it at an angle. It can be done, if you studied geometry, said Pete grimly. Grab hold there, he said.

Smitty and I were surprised to see he was talking to us. We were neighbors and we'd been friendly, he figured. Anyway, it was an interesting problem. So we grabbed one end of the couch.

Mr. McFinty, I want to tell you that was the heaviest thing I ever tried to lift. It must have weighed four hundred pounds. And clumsy. You couldn't get a grip on it.

Pete took off the door and the inside door and we followed his instructions. He and the old guy with the shoulders took the other end. Everybody yelled instructions and even the cops came to see what the crowd was about. We worked for an hour but the screwed-on

legs blocked us. So Pete got a hammer and chisel and screw driver and tried to take off the legs. It was an awfully hot day and we all sweated like pigs and one of the cops brought us four cokes. You ever hear of such a thing in your life? It was becoming a neighborhood shindig. Pete got off three of the legs, but the fourth instead of being screwed on was nailed on with a giant spike and he broke the wooden leg getting it off.

We were able to get the couch inside the first door and a cheer went up from the crowd. Then they grumbled because the wooden banister blocked it. The old guy with the shoulders asked Pete what he was going to do now. Pete got the landlord and told him the situation and asked permission to saw down the section of banister. He let out an awful yell. Pete said he'd pay a carpenter to put it back on again. So Pete called a carpenter who said he'd do it for thirty dollars. It's better, said Pete, than losing a three hundred twenty-five dollar couch. So the carpenter sawed away the section of banister and the four of us nearly broke our backs moving the couch up the three wooden steps and then we were stuck again. A whole section of wall blocked us by about a three-inch width, where we had to make a turn to the right to get to the door of the apartment.

Well, said the old boy with the shoulders, wiping his sweating face. I guess that's that. You can't get it in.

Pete stared at the wall. We'll knock down the wall, he said, sticking out his jaw. I'll call a plasterer and find out how much it will cost.

In about fifteen minutes a plasterer came down and said he would do it for one hundred dollars. Okay, said Pete. Go ahead.

Now wait a minute, said this old fellow helping us, very disgusted. It isn't worth it. You . . .

Pete interrupted. I like this couch, he said. I've got an affection for it. I'm sticking to it, unless I really can't get it in, see? Anyway it's still worth three hundred twenty-five dollars.

So the plasterer knocked down the wall and when we pulled it around the turn we found we couldn't get it past the next wall because of a huge overhead pipe that carried steam or something.

Pete stared at the pipe for about



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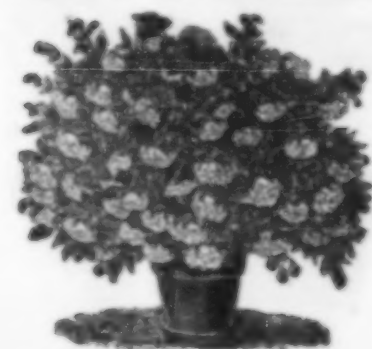


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any day. I asked what rent was. Sixty dollars a month. Told her I wanted more than one room for such money.

Diner on corner nearby. Ate and kept an eye on brownstone house through window. Had to leave plate of Irish stew in middle as Pete came out dressed in new dark suit, starched white shirt, red tie. This made me think fast. What if he's getting married right away? Orders to stop marriage might be difficult to carry out. Debated whether to slug him, and call taxi or what?

Followed Pete to store nearby, headquarters for a moving-van company. Loitered outside door listening, lighting cigarette. Possible to hear every word. Pete made arrangements to move in three days. Hagging over price of fifteen dollars per hour. Young man wanted to know how many hours since old apartment is on ground floor and new apartment is only up three steps. Wanted maximum price set. Moving man refused to set maximum. Young man started to walk out. Moving man called him back, said he'd make approximation after looking over furniture to be moved.

Got general impression of young man who doesn't throw money around. So did moving-van people.

Followed Pete to subway, uptown to Astor Bar, where he and young lady engaged in passionate kiss. People staring, amused. Couple oblivious of people. Followed them to Museum of Science and Industry in Rockefeller Plaza where Pete proceeded to demonstrate great interest in gadgets. Young lady wore adoring look on her face as she watched him play with gadgets. Mother instinct, maybe. She asked how come he studied art when he was so interested in science. Young man launched in fervent discussion of relation between art and science and so forth. Very abstract. Couldn't follow. Don't think young lady did either, though she seemed to enjoy it greatly. Lecture finished by young man with statement that as youngest of eight children he never had chance to do fixing of plumbing or painting the rooms, as other brothers did. Left him with great desire to fix and paint. Seems silly to me.

Young man then took Miss Breckenbridge to her hotel and said good-by in street. Kissed goodnight passionately. Lasted at least minutes, until cop tapped young man on shoulder.

Followed young man home. Waited outside until 5 a.m. Could see through window young man was packing to move. Light went out at 5 a.m.

Period covered 11 a.m. July 27 to 5 a.m. July 28. Very groggy. Suggest Smitty be assigned to case too, if possible. Wedding can't be far away. Might be as soon as young man has moved.

signed,
Holloway.

CPE TELEGRAPH
TORONTO

JULY 29, 1949
FRED LORBERG—LORBERG CONTRACTING SUPPLY—NYC—REPORT SHOWS HOW SERIOUS SITUATION IS. AN TAKING PLANE TO NEW YORK. WILL BE AT COMMODORE. SEND REPORTS THERE. STOP THAT WEDDING!

GILBERT BRECKENBRIDGE.

McBranty Detective Agency
NYC

Case 1040—Ann Breckenbridge Assigned to Holloway and Smithson Report No. 2 to Mr. McBranty Forward to

Gilbert Breckenbridge,
c/o Commodore Hotel,
NYC.

Copy to Sjoberg Contracting Supply NYC.

Operatives rented car and alternately used it to perform necessary duties.

Taxi too conspicuous. Two days spent by Ann Breckenbridge and Pete Stanford in shopping for curtains and kitchen utensils in various department stores. Girl in a wonderful glow, though now and then she suddenly becomes teary and boy soothes her with passionate kiss.

Boy sent telegram to Kansas announcing marriage (see copy enclosed), and marriage will be in Pete's new apartment, day after they move in on July 30. New apartment in Flatbush, Brooklyn, 13th Street and Avenue U. Followed couple there. Rooms number three, nice section with trees and green lawn around the area. Good shopping half a block away.

Couple busy hanging curtains, stopping for long passionate kisses. Pete beginning to notice operatives. Stares hard at us now and then as we walk by. Said something to young lady who turned pale and seized Pete's arm, murmuring something.

Young man came over to operatives with rather belligerent manner. I asked him genially if he's moving in to new apartment there. Pete said yes, what about it. Glared at us. I said we're neighbors and live right up the block a way. Made it vague. Young man asked our names. He's a sharp kid, was going to check doorbells, I guess. Told him we live in furnished room. Satisfied him. He went back to girl, reassured her. We went up to restaurant on corner and had lunch. Smitty depressed as we ate. Said sometimes he hated his work. Said they're a couple of nice kids and it was a crying shame that we had to slug the kid and stop the wedding. I agreed with him. But orders are orders. We'll do the job, boss.

signed Holloway and Smithson.
Time covered July 28, 29 to 6 p.m.

McBranty Detective Agency
NYC

Case 1040—Ann Breckenbridge Assigned to Holloway and Smithson Report No. 3 to Mr. McBranty Forward to

Gilbert Breckenbridge,
c/o Commodore Hotel,
NYC

Copy to Sjoberg Contracting Supply, NYC.

Operatives agreed with Mr. McBranty on his plan to delay wedding by intercepting preacher and showing him private police credentials. After that we would improvise, and if necessary, use a number of forceful methods, such as arresting the young man on a charge of kidnapping young lady. Mr. Breckenbridge, young lady's father, will support such a charge.

The above is repeated by operatives so it will be understood that operatives had a clear idea of plans and that it was not our fault the following screwball incidents took place, throwing the whole plan off.

The moving van arrived from old Greenwich Village apartment with furniture at 9 a.m. and were greeted happily by young lady and gentleman.

From the way the moving-van men moved you would think, Mr. McBranty, that we'd paid them to show up. At fifteen bucks an hour they stopped to tell jokes, consider the situation from every angle, and consult regarding means and methods. It developed that they could get everything in but the couch.

No matter how they tried they couldn't get the couch in. It measures two inches wider sideways than the doorway and if it is stood up on end it still can't get in because the back of it rises up in the centre, making it three inches wider at that point than the doorway. As they spent more and more time trying to get it in, the time

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when he championed a basic minimum standard of life.

"Mr. Churchill was emphatic at Brighton in opposing the minimum standard. Only 50 miles separate Brighton and London, but in that short distance a complete change in viewpoint takes place."

But that was not all. Having chided the great Churchill the stormy newspaper peer then declared open war.

"Every member and every candidate in the Tory Party," stated the Express, "must make up his mind and declare himself on this great Imperial policy in all its manifestations."

"And let there be no mistake. Steps will be taken to see that the candidates do give a clear and comprehensive account of their political faith."

In other words the Tory candidates will be asked in effect whether they reject the announced attitude of their leader. Already some of the Tories are sizzling with indignation and may boil over at any moment. Most of them never had much love for Beaverbrook and there is always resentment when a newspaper proprietor takes the field against the politicians. Even that section of the party which has been critical of Churchill's leadership in opposition will not turn toward Beaverbrook for the reason that he is out to destroy their idol, Anthony Eden.

This is not the first time that Churchill and the Beaver have quarreled. They have been friends for 40 years but politically they are incompatible. When Churchill, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, went back to the gold standard in 1925, Beaverbrook denounced him with all the license of ink. Churchill hit back and it was difficult to believe that they could ever be friends again, but each finds pleasure in the other's aggressiveness and they did not stay long apart. When the war came Churchill turned to Max and found in him a great companion and colleague in the grim hours of the French collapse and the Battle of Britain. But they were grim hours in more sense than one. Churchill always has a sleep in the afternoon, and kept up the habit during the war. But at 2 a.m. or 3 a.m. he would be in terrific form discussing the program and problems of the war with ministers and generals.

"He's killing me," Beaverbrook said once to me, and certainly his face was pale and drawn with fatigue. "I get no sleep." There were similar laments from staff officers who felt the strain of taking decisions in the grisly hours when their minds and bodies were utterly weary.

Undoubtedly Churchill leaned heavily on Beaverbrook for his aggressive-ness and unwavering personal loyalty. In the last desperate days of the French collapse Churchill decided to fly to France in an 11th-hour gamble to keep

her army fighting. In some ways it was a reckless decision for there was confusion everywhere and the Germans were sweeping forward like a torrent.

Churchill took a pistol with him—and Beaverbrook. "If they get me," said he, "I'm going to take at least one German with me." So they roared into the skies and made for the inferno across the Channel.

When the war was over and the general election took place Beaverbrook unwaveringly supported Churchill but damned the Tories. "He's backing the jockey and betting against his horse," said one of the smokeroom wits. When the Socialists swept into power the Express newspapers attacked individual Tories but always praised Churchill. It seemed that the Beaver had determined that here was a loyalty that transcended every other consideration. Never even a suggestion of criticism appeared in the Beaverbrook newspapers. Churchill, like Caesar's wife, was above even the suspicion of error.

No Holds Barred

But now the silken thread has snapped. Personal affection will remain but political tempers are rising and it will be hard for both of them to keep their words to the polite level that I have quoted. Each is dogmatic, hot-tempered and each has the gift of words. Yet the split was probably inevitable because it is in essence an ideological clash. Beaverbrook has never swerved from his belief that the British Empire is a garden that should be surrounded by a high wall, with Americans allowed to look in as visitors, but no one else. When events were sucking Britain into Europe during the rise of Hitler, the Beaver was counseling the nation to draw back and turn its face to the Imperial heritage. The mantle of Joe Chamberlain had fallen on him and he never discards it.

Now, as Britain sags to her knees from the harsh blows of world economics, the 70-year-old Canadian newspaper peer calls for an Empire minimum wage, an Empire citizenship and an Empire customs union. "Beware the European avalanche!" he cries. "Draw back before it is too late."

But Churchill's ancestor, the Great Duke of Marlborough, marched his armies through Europe. In two world wars Churchill was First Lord of the Admiralty in the struggle against European dictatorship. To him geography and history bind Britain to Europe and it is madness to imagine that imperial isolation is possible.

"You are wrong," roars Max. "Not even you can alter the map of the world," answers Winston.

Yes, Britain is in a quarrelsome mood, and the election when it comes will be fought with much bitterness. But the sooner we have it the sooner we shall get back to sanity and unity. I often wonder how it was that so lovely an island as this should have reared so controversial a race. Coming home on the train from Liverpool after the Canadian visit, once more I came under the spell of England's gentle, undulating meadows. You cannot fondle or caress a mountain but you can stoop down and pat an English field as you would the head of a favorite dog.

There should be only poets and peasants here, weaving reality out of their dreams. But destiny made this country a mother of nations—and the mother is tired and irritable just now.

She needs a hair-do, a face massage, a new frack and a decent dinner. But perhaps she will have to content herself with just a new Parliament. ★



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five minutes and then he said, "Does anybody want to buy a couch?"

It really looked like after all that expense and trouble he was sunk. We all felt pretty bad about it. While we sat down on the steps feeling bad about it Pete went down the block to the corner where there was an upholsterer shop and came back with the owner. Pete asked him if there was any way of removing the sections so that it would get in. The upholsterer said no. It was too solid. Because it was a bed too, the insides were steel. Pete tried to sell it to the upholsterer and was offered fifty dollars.

Take it, said the old guy with the shoulders. Son, you got to learn to take your lickings.

No, said Pete, very mad. It's worth three thousand twenty-five dollars. It's only six months old. I'll put it in the garage and advertise it for sale.

We all looked at each other. We knew nobody would buy a secondhand bed-couch, even in good condition. When it comes to sleeping, people want a new bed.

We struggled with the couch and brought it outside again and the crowd was still hanging around. There was a tired look on Pete's face. He squatted on his heels and tried to think. I felt sorry for the guy. Then he stood up and asked if anybody had anything worth while that they wanted to swap for a good couch-bed. He made a nice speech, pointing out they could get a good buy like this on a swap only because of his being unable to get the couch inside the apartment. The plasterer who knocked down the wall said he'd take the couch in payment and throw in a practically new outboard motor worth at least ninety dollars.

Pete grabbed his hand and shook it.

It was a deal. The crowd laughed and cheered. Then Pete, beginning to grin again, stood up again and asked who had what to swap for an outboard motor.

Mr. McBranty, that kid is an awfully game boy. He sure can take it. He said the outboard motor to the old guy that practically broke his back helping us carry that couch around. And he got one hundred dollars for it.

Frankly, Mr. McBranty, we're very glad the marriage went through. We were pretty surprised when the old boy with the shoulders turned out to be Mr. Breckenbridge and we think it was a wonderful way for him to get acquainted with that kid Pete.

The wedding took place at 6 p.m. July 30, 1949.

Smitty and I were witnesses,
signed, Holloway and Smithson.

Gilbert Breckenbridge Associates
Toronto, Ont.

August 1, 1949.

Fred Sjoberg,
Sjoberg Contracting Supply,
NYC.

Dear Fred,

I am back in Toronto. As you probably know by now from the reports from McBranty, I found Pete a kid with plenty of guts and stick-to-it-ness. I like his spirit and very happy my daughter isn't married to some namby-pamby who inherited his money from his old man.

I've been rather hard on you, so, as an apology I am sending you a little gift I picked up in a rather peculiar way. It's an outboard motor, in very good condition. Accept it with my apologies.

Sincerely,
Gilbert Breckenbridge ★

The Beaver's Bombshell

Continued from page 14

unpredictable bombshells. With everybody poised for the coming election the Beaver came out with his own declaration of policy on the front page of the Daily Express. With brevity but force he advocated free trade within the Empire, no entanglements of any kind with Europe, the dropping of conscription, closer relations with the U.S., no restraint on profits or earnings and a basic wage of £6 a week for all workers. Finally he suggested the creation of an Empire citizenship, and the abolition of a hereditary House of Lords.

It is a tribute to the Beaver that his manifesto was treated as a matter of national importance by rival newspapers. Even the lordly Times gave it space on its main news page.

Beaverbrook offered his policy to any party that wanted it, even the almost defunct Liberals. But there was one clause in it which was aimed like a dagger right at the heart of the Conservative Party. This was to the effect that no Conservatives who were in the "disastrous Cabinet of Baldwin's 1935 Government" should be given office again.

Thus with one gesture he swept Anthony Eden, Oliver Stanley, Lord Salisbury and a half dozen other Tory leaders into the discard. Churchill might have overlooked that if it had been the only effort in the manifesto, but it undoubtedly served to increase his irritation over the demand that we should also leave Europe to its own devices.

Churchill is a European at heart despite his Anglo-American blood. He has always dreamed of a United States

of Europe, and was the leading figure at the recent Strasbourg "parliament." Therefore, he undoubtedly felt that he and Beaverbrook could no longer travel the same road. Choosing his words with great deliberation he said on the public platform: "I have read an election program put forward by Lord Beaverbrook in the Daily Express containing a proposal for an all-round minimum of £6 a week. Lord Beaverbrook is a friend of mine. I was very glad to give him his opportunity during the war of rendering distinguished and invaluable service on more than one critical occasion."

There was a precision in the words that had the effect of reducing the Beaver's war services to a couple of incidents instead of long ministerial service. Gone was the warm generosity of former tributes. Having thus shrunk his old comrade in arms Churchill then stepped on him with this blunt declaration:

The Retort Acid

"Lord Beaverbrook's opinions are his own, but it is my duty to say that they must not be taken as representing the considered policy of the Conservative Party. It is certainly not our intention to try and win votes by wholesale promises of higher wages at the present grave time."

The Beaver has many admirable qualities, but meekness is not one of them. Without any delay he hurled the Daily Express into action with this comment in its editorial column:

"Mr. Churchill has taken up one item in the Beaverbrook Manifesto and has repudiated it with some asperity. That is a matter of real regret, and of surprise too, in view of the Churchill declaration at Brighton two years ago

Nehru was a rich, brilliant lawyer. There were already legends about the family. It was said that the Nehrus sent all their laundry to Paris. India wasn't quite good enough for them. That was not true.

Actually, they lived the life of the well-to-do Indian family perhaps with a slightly more pronounced list to the West than to the East. The children were brought up by English, Swiss and French tutors and governesses. Unlike most young Indians, they learned to ride, swim, play tennis, were taught in the arts and music.

Back to the Homespuns

Yet there was another side to the ambassador's childhood too. She was nurtured on a deeply rooted love of India. Her mother was an intelligent, well-educated Kashmiri woman with a knowledge and love of the old traditions. From her the small girl gained an understanding of the land; learned the folk legends, stories and songs, reaching into the dimness of centuries past.

The test of this dual education came in 1916 when the Mahatma Gandhi returned to India from South Africa. His coming changed the destiny of the Nehru family.

Up to then most of the young men shouting for freedom, the intellectuals dreaming of it, had been either ineffectual hot-heads or men stupid in the traditions of English liberalism. Gandhi emphasized the land, its history, the people in the rural districts and their importance in the whole scheme of things. He made the Freedom Movement national.

When he called in 1919 for the civil disobedience the whole Nehru family, disregarding the cost to its comfort and prestige, overnight changed its Western style of living. Here was one of the wealthiest and most cultured families ready to accept imprisonment, sacrifice, possibly poverty. The influence of their act on the rest of the educated class of India was felt immediately.

Two years later the lovely young girl who today is an ambassador, married a husband chosen, formally, by her family. However, she had met him previously and knew she did wish to marry him. He was a thoughtful young man, related to Gandhi, educated in England and at the Sorbonne, interested in the arts and ancient culture.

Speaking of the marriage a close friend of the family says: "To understand her happiness you must recognize that she is first and foremost a woman. An American ambassador to India, meeting her in Washington again, said recently, 'It is rare to meet a politician who is also a statesman and to cap all this, charming but you do meet the combination in Madame Pandit.' He might not have recognized her in the first years of her marriage. She was all woman."

Yet, when time came she was ready to take her part, at the side of her husband, in the activities, then illegal in India, which were ultimately to lead to the freedom of her country.

Gandhi had picked on a simple but symbolic act with which to prove his strength. The peasants could not afford salt, yet needed it. The British forbade private manufacture of salt. So Gandhi gathered his supporters and they made salt on the banks of the sea and upon the tidal deltas of the great rivers.

Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit helped beat salt and distribute it among the poor. And soon the gently nurtured daughter of the Brahmins was pacing the dark of a British jail.

That first term of imprisonment came in 1932 and lasted 15 months.

In 1939 she was jailed again for six months. Her crime was participating in the civil disobedience movement which flared as a protest against the imprisonment of Gandhi. She took part in public meetings and processions which had been banned, in illegal picketing of liquor stores.

Again in 1942, she was in jail for 11 months. This time she had declared that a subject people should not be required to fight for freedom when they were not free themselves. Her eldest daughter accompanied her and whenever they could they worked on a small garden plot in the prison yard. She was released on medical grounds.

Meanwhile she had been elected to the municipal board of Allahabad in 1935 and served as a chairman of the education committee for two years. In 1937 she was elected to the United Provinces Legislative Assembly and appointed Minister of Local Government and Health. She was the first woman provincial minister and served for two terms.

Stories are still told of that time. Of how the beautiful, young Minister of Health not finding room on a train, traveled by bullock cart to areas rick with cholera; of how once when no doctors or nurses were available she refused to leave the bedside of a stricken young woman until other care arrived. Her circuit took in hundreds of square miles but she covered them, human, vivid, sometimes moved to hot anger at the inefficiency of bureaucracy, sometimes moved to tears in pity. But impervious to fear or fatigue.

Censors Blocked a Memoir

In 1945 she came to America to visit her two daughters who were, by then, studying at Wellesley. She had written a memoir but the manuscript had been censored by British authorities in Bombay, and she wished to seek an American outlet for it. Next spring the autobiography she has tentatively called "Sunshine and Shadow" will be published.

She could not get priorities on the airlines, a fact she probably remembers with amusement now, when, as an ambassador, even her guests have them. Finally a U. S. Army general offered her a seat in an army plane and she accepted on the spot; left India without preparation; landed in New York penniless. It was her first trip to this continent. She couldn't have known less about the manners and customs.

Her shuttle-flight friends registered her at the Waldorf-Astoria. After all, it hadn't occurred to them Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit wouldn't have all the cash she needed. She gazed out of the high windows over the vast spreading city, turned to a waiter and ordered orange juice. It came in a bowl, with rose leaves floating upon the iced serving dish.

Luckily, friends gathered about and suggested a lecture tour. She spoke in 33 states. The halls were crowded. The enthusiasm catching. Soon leaders in India became aware of the oratorical, magnetic powers of this small, black-eyed, vivid woman who could present the Indian point of view to the outside world.

There are still repercussions from that lecture tour. Even yet the mail at the embassy contains queries from women who heard her speak. They ask the kind of simple questions Mrs. Pandit met on her tour. "Do you approve of breast feeding?" she was once asked. The ambassador-to-be asked right back, "Do you?" The woman said, "Yes. And for how long did you feed yours?" Mrs. Pandit (now 49) took a long breath and answered in



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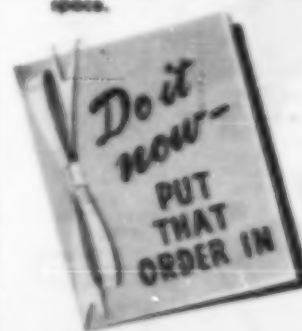
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The Most Beautiful Ambassador

Continued from page 15

daughters, both married, and living in India, are Chandrakka Nahta and Nyantara Sehgal—both, judging from photographs, remarkably beautiful.

Rita was full of tomorrow when she was leaving for Geneva, Switzerland, for her first taste of European education. She had in her 18 years been schooled in India and America. Under her sari (some eight yards of wide silk cloth draped gracefully to the figure) was a Western sweater.

"The weather's so cold here," Rita laughed, explaining. "I mostly wear Western dress to school anyhow, it is obviously more suitable. But I do think our sari is marvelous for evening wear. Specially with gold cloth I think it's quite stunning. You ought to see mother . . ." she laughed again. "Of course I admit I am prejudiced, but I do think she is the most beautiful ambassador in the world."

At Marriage, a Fresh Name

I had barely sipped my sherry when there was a flurry in the hall, a creamy-smooth voice speaking the liquid Hindustani, and a slight woman swept into the room, hatless, a Western coat over a blue, flowing sari. The first impression was of huge, snapping eyes, and much energy. There was a firm, warm handshake.

This, then, was Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, who had been Swarup Kumari Nehru of the long-fabled Nehru family, toast of United Nations and of Washington. "Swarup Kumari," her given name, had meant "princess of beauty," and she had never liked it, appropriate though it was. So, according to a Hindu custom, she had changed it at her marriage to Vijaya Lakshmi ("vijaya" is "victory," and "lakshmi" is "goddess of wealth and prosperity"). She couldn't have been more right.

She changed and came down and sat in an ordinary-sized chair which looked huge when she relaxed in it, one arm hanging over the side.

"I am tired," she said. "You know, I suppose it's the house as well as the embassy. Home and work. Other ambassadors do have someone to take over the social side. I do both."

Her relaxation for a moment softened her face—her official one is well-defined as though in bright sun; now it had the gentler contours moonlight grants.

It is quite impossible not to be interested in this woman when you meet her. Her vitality is that sort of a bonus to social interchange today's rapid small talk completely lacks. She knows where she is going. It is not later than you think, for her.

From a Kashmir Valley

We had lunch in a long, handsome room, big windows opening to the autumn-yellow garden. The servants brought a marvelous omelet, a salad (all green), and then a huge bowl of fruit which the others at the table—all Hindus—washed carefully in the finger bowls. Her Excellency ate little. She smiled with sudden, unexpected sweetness as Rita said, "Mother's decided to reduce."

"Why not?" asked the ambassador. "Doesn't everybody?"

We sat in the sitting room after lunch while Rita went up to pack. The house quietened down, and the room was filled with distilled green light from the still-green oaks outside. Mrs. Pandit faded small and relaxed into the chair again, her head high from

the neck of the tan blouse caught at the throat with a silver pin, the dark blue sari falling in wavelike folds beyond her feet.

"No," she said thoughtfully, gazing at the empty space between her two outstretched hands. "I do not really believe I have one single quality that my neighbor does not have. Except perhaps, one realization. That is, looking at myself objectively, I do see that I give of myself freely. Perhaps that is why I get so much back."

So there, in that quiet room, the faint echo of Hindustani occasionally sounding like off-stage music, I thought of all I had learned about this woman who may go down as one of the great ones of our time.

Two hundred years ago her family came down from a Kashmir mountain valley to seek fame and fortune in the rich plains. They settled by a canal

which gave them their name. First it was Nahar ("canal"); time smoothed this into Nehru.

Mrs. Pandit's father, Pandit Motilal Nehru, who settled in the ancient town of Allahabad (the "abode of the Gods"), in the United Provinces, was a natural leader among the proud Brahmin Kashmirians, a race of people who always provided leaders wherever they went.

There has been some misunderstanding about the apparent similarity in her father's name, and her husband's. "Pandit," when it precedes a name, means scholar or a deeply learned man, as in the case of her father, or in the case of her brother, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. When the name appears as last name, it is merely that, a surname.

At the time of Swarup's birth, August 18, 1900, the Nehru family was well-to-do, famous. Pandit Motilal



The Way of a Name

Maclean's Quiz by Edward Dembits.

VISITORS are always intrigued by Canada's fascinating variety of place names, even though Canadians don't bat an eye at Medicine Hat or St. Kaliste de Kilkenny. There's a glorious mixture of Indian, French, Irish, Scottish, English, Scandinavian, German, and just plain lightheartedness. Scholars may argue about the reasons for the choices (Toronto and Ottawa are disputed) but there's general agreement on the names which follow. Trick is that you've got to fill them in.

1. City on Lake Superior . . . was named for Queen Victoria's third son.
2. City in Saskatchewan . . . for a shalbash and its berry.
3. Gulf in Northwest Territories . . . for a Norwegian explorer, 1903-06.
4. City in Quebec . . . from the way the St. Maurice River branches.
5. Region and river in Yukon Territory . . . from the Indian "river full of fish."
6. Port of B. C. (named in \$250 contest) . . . for the first HBC governor.
7. River, tributary to the Red . . . for an Indian tribe.
8. Village in Quebec . . . for the patron saint of Brittany.
9. City, lake, and river in Manitoba . . . from the Indian "muddy water."
10. City and park in Saskatchewan . . . for Queen Victoria's consort.
11. Mountains of the Laurentian range . . . from the results of the 1663 earthquake.
12. Port in New Brunswick . . . for one of the 12 Apostles.
13. City in Quebec . . . from the Indian "where the waters narrow."
14. Town in Nova Scotia . . . for a British leader at Louisbourg, 1758.
15. City on P. E. I. . . for George III's queen.
16. City in Manitoba . . . for "the Apostle of Germany."
17. Inlet of the Gulf of St. Lawrence . . . from the French "boat."
18. Region and bay of northern Quebec . . . from the Eskimo "an unknown, faraway land."
19. Lake in Alberta . . . for Queen Victoria's fourth daughter.
20. City in Ontario . . . was renamed for a British Secretary for War.

Answers on Page 56



On My Budget You Can Buy Anything

By BOB ALLEN

SO YOU want to get more fun out of life. You long to travel. You want to own Betty Grable. Yet you can't fit any of these things into your budget. The answer is simple. You need a new budget.

I recommend the budget I've been using for years. It's called the You-Can-Sign-Your-Name-Can't-You? Plan. The only thing I haven't worked into it is Betty Grable, but that has nothing to do with budgets.

If there are fried sausages and filet mignon on the menu, I borrow 65 cents and get the filet mignon. I never count my money. I just keep feeling in my left-hand pants pocket until I begin to bring up pennies. Then I make out a new budget. Yet when I count the number of electric refrigerators, cars, vacuum cleaners and kids in my home, it seems to work out about the same as in any other home.

The purpose of my budget is to let you spend as much as you want on good shows, abandoned women, drink, marijuana, guppies, electric trains, opium, expensive cameras, trips to San Valley, yachts, black negligees, Doberman pinchers, television, harems, smoker and motorcycles.

Other budgets are a waste of time. They tell you that you're spending too much money on cigars, ice cream and movies. But you already know that. Why read a 400-page book to find out?

As a matter of fact a conventional or stuffed-shirt budget is about as silly a thing as you can find. You add up the number of car tickets you'll need for the month of April. It comes to \$3. So you make a neat entry: "Car tickets, \$3.00." Where does it get you? Does it give you any more car tickets? Or take rent, for instance. You pay \$55 a month, say. You know you have to pay \$55 a month. You never forget it. Forgetting it would be like forgetting a traffic cop walking across the road toward you. But you take out your big fat ledger and write: "Rent, \$55.00." It appears to me that people who do that sort of thing are slightly irresponsible.

Another thing I resent about the budgets that are given away in banks is the kind of home life they suggest. People sit around in clothes that are all paid for and say things like: "Well, Bob, I guess we can take that trip to the Gaspé next year."

Here are a few stray bits from some booklets I picked up the other day.

"Jane and I decided to make a three-

year-buying plan before we bought our one piece of furniture for the new house. So we sat down and made an evening of working out a budget."

Now there's an evening! My wife doesn't sit down with me when I do my accounting. She goes for long walks and breathes deeply until it's all over.

"Just when I have decided to have a fling and hang the expense," one Rover Boy chuckles, "along comes The Budget Book and I change my mind."

If it's all the same to you, I'll stick to Erle Stanley Gardner.

"So you have decided on a budget?" one book starts off. "Well, clear off the desk or the dining-room table, gather together all of last year's receipts. Have the whole family within reach so that you can ask them questions and have their help."

Here's the Real How

Let's keep our manhood, eh? If my family got within reach of me when I was trying to make up my budget, I'd break a leg off the dining-room table and whale the whey out of them. When I do my accounts, my family huddles in the corner, sobbing.

"What if your child should tell the neighbors about the family's financial affairs?" asks one thorough little brochure.

If my children could explain my financial affairs, I'd have them on a quiz program. It would be like explaining the principle of nuclear fusion.

These easy little efforts depress you from the start. So we come back to my budget, a neat, businesslike plan to help you go into debt systematically.

You take a piece of paper—the back of some old unpaid bill will do—and divide it into vertical columns, one for each payday, ruling enough columns to take you to a period when you expect to have been left some money or will have won a sweepstake. In each one you list everything that has to come out of each pay. Each column should then add up to the exact amount of your pay. This is silly, of course, and only happens to presidents of banks.

So each pay you are already over-spent, say \$5. Now, let's see. You want

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her gentle English accent, "It's such a long time ago now, I can't remember."

The agencies organizing that tour apparently took most of the money. What there was left over she spent with the happy abandon her father had believed in (Motilal Nehru thought hoarding money a slight on his own capacity to earn whenever he liked and as much as he liked). She gave a magnificent party for her eldest daughter on her 21st birthday. It was the sort of a success the Pandit parties are gaining a name for wherever the ambassador goes.

She Beards the Khan

In that year the Indian Government sent her as an unofficial representative to the San Francisco United Nations Conference. The official delegate was British-chosen Piroz Khan Noon. His personal assistant was a bearded Indian called Khan. At one meeting where Mrs. Pandit spoke this Khan got up and bearded. He was booted out of the meeting.

In 1946 she was appointed leader of the official Indian delegation to various entertainments and diplomatic receptions. These she punctiliously attends, in sari, bareheaded, with very few jewels. She almost always looks the best-dressed woman present.

She keeps a sharp and personal eye on her household, concerning herself with everything from the supervision of meals and the staff to the arrangement of flowers and changing the furniture or sending the drapes to be cleaned.

When she talks her words make pictures with the help of her flashing dark eyes and her expressive hands. They sing a battle song when she says, "Any foreign rule prevents growth in a people. We are backward because we have not been free. Of course, we need much now. Food is the first problem. Then a general raising of the standard of living. Why only 12 out of 100 of my people can read!"

"Because of the vastness of the population?"

"No," the answer flashes, "because of long foreign rule."

I address her as "Ambassadrom," by chance.

"No," she corrects me. "Ambassador. Ambassadrom is the wife of an ambassador. I am the ambassador."

Then she sits back, small again in the brocaded chair. "I am sometimes tired and I don't feel I am useful. I have given up my home, and I have given up my family. And I don't feel I've got anything back—I mean inside."

"But I have the strongest faith in our future. If India continues to conserve her energy and channel it in the right direction I think my country can be a mighty force for democracy and peace."

There is a splutter of leaves against

the long windows, like a sound of rain. "I love a rainy day," she says. "I can work then. There is so much work." She stares thoughtfully between her palms, held easily, gracefully on her lap. "Anything one doesn't do normally is a rest. I do not rest when I go to bed. There is much to think."

I shall remember that long, unhurried afternoon. I'll remember little things too, as when Mrs. Pandit said, "The car can take you to the chancery, and then to your hotel. David must pick me up a picture at the Shoreham anyhow." She laughs, "I did a very impulsive thing the other night."

She had been to dinner to a private suite at the Shoreham and on the wall was a water color that looked so like a vale of Kashmir, with the mountains rising on the background, the ambassador immediately was homesick. So she wrote the manager and asked whether she might buy the picture.

"I have a letter from him saying he would be happy for me to have it. Of course it easily may not be Kashmir at all, but I shall call it Kashmir."

And I shall remember the arrival of an Indian Prince, His Highness The Jam Sahib, Maharajah of Nawanagar, and the sudden hush in the big house and how the handsome, proud people lifted their joined hands, and the salutation, "Namaste, namaste," was like a sighing of a soft wind. And how through it the ambassador, impatient at not being able to properly greet her great guest, still continued to pose for a Karsh portrait for Maclean's.

Until suddenly, for a moment, her temper snapped and with a marvelous choice of words she said just precisely what she thought of the imposition on her time. With the tempest over she was, if possible, more completely charming and direct than before.

On Some Foreheads a Sign

But perhaps the simplest picture of all I will keep the longest. I had got up to go, that first afternoon, when, like any mother, Mrs. Pandit said, "Did Rita show you pictures of my other daughters? No?"

Lightly she ran upstairs and down again with a couple of framed pictures, one of her husband, a man with a deeply grave, handsome face, another of two lovely, dark girls with their husbands.

I remarked on the small round mark on their foreheads which I had also noticed on some other Indian women. "It is the marriage sign," the ambassador said.

I suppose it was unavoidable. I looked up at her pure, high, markless forehead. And for a moment she was no longer a brilliant representative of a vast country but simply a lonely woman. "Widows don't wear one," she said. ★

Answers to Quiz

THE WAY OF A NAME

(Page 54)

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Port Arthur | 11. Les Éboulements |
| 2. Saskatoon | 12. St. Andrews |
| 3. Amundsen | 13. Quebec |
| 4. Three Rivers (Trois Rivières) | 14. Amherst |
| 5. Klondike | 15. Charlottetown |
| 6. Prince Rupert | 16. St. Boniface |
| 7. Assiniboine | 17. Chaleur Bay |
| 8. St. Azne de Bonapré | 18. Ungava |
| 9. Winnipeg | 19. Louise |
| 10. Prince Albert | 20. Kitchener |

specific legal permission to ignore the Combines Act. He noted also that during the hearings, no defense witness had ever pleaded government authorization—their line had been simply to deny that any combine existed, and McGregor felt that he'd proved the contrary.

Most important of all, he argued that every case he may take up during the next few years will impinge on the war period. Every combine in Canada will be able to plead wartime co-operation for those few years. McGregor felt that if Donald Gordon's case were accepted, you might as well declare a moratorium on the Combines Act. He had made his report on the milling industry. He stood by it; the Government could do as it liked.

Under the Combines Act, the Minister of Justice is obliged to table a report of the commissioner within 15 days of its receipt. This time, the Government ignored that section of the law and sat on the report, trying vainly to get it modified, until finally Fred McGregor offered his resignation.

It was accepted with the greatest reluctance. Even the men most vehemently opposed to him on this issue admire McGregor's honesty and courage. But they couldn't agree to publish the report without appending a statement amounting to repudiation of the report and its author. So, in the end, out he went.

Australian office workers have now moved out and federal architects are moving in at 24 Sussex Street, the new official residence of the Prime Minister of Canada, commonly known as the old Edwards house.

Externally it's one of the ugliest houses in Ottawa, which is saying a good deal. It was built in 1866 by a lumber baron named Currier, and it's a caricature of Victorian elegance at its worst. Bulging with towers, gables, cupolas and bay windows, it looks like what it is—a 19th-century tycoon's idea of the last word in luxury.

Indoors it's better. It's a clumsily laid-out house and a hard one to heat (needs two oil furnaces) but it is spacious and pleasant. At the right as you go in is the large, comfortable office Mr. St. Laurent will probably use. Behind it is a lounge with a beautiful view of the Ottawa and Gatineau Rivers; at the left of the entrance hall is the dining room.

Down the middle of the ground floor runs a long, narrow room which was built on in 1870, expressly to entertain Prince Arthur of Connaught. It was then called the ballroom; later it became the art gallery.

Upstairs are two floors of small offices that used to be bedrooms—plenty of room for the grandchildren, and for family living quarters.

Another asset is the site, which is magnificent. The house sits on a promontory over the river, with a wonderful view in three directions; you

can look straight up the Gatineau Valley, where the maple leaves in the fall put on as fine a show as anywhere in Canada. The grounds are large and could be beautiful.

As a site it has only one drawback. Less than a block upstream the main Ottawa sewer empties into the river. (Canada's capital has no sewage-disposal plant; it dumps raw sewage into the same river from which it draws its drinking water.) Just below the Edwards house in the cove called Governor's Bay, smaller drains make their exit.

Several times a year, huge rafts of logs are moored in Governor's Bay, and the water, behind them grows stagnant. The result is often a community nuisance.

Less than a mile up river is the house the Prime Minister of Canada should be living in—should have been living in these 70-odd years. It's Earncliffe, the home of Sir John A. Macdonald.

When Sir John died in 1891, Lady Macdonald was left in comparative poverty—enough to live on, but not enough to keep up a big place. The Government could have bought it, but no one thought of such a thing. She sold it to a Charles Harris, who lived there until he died in the 1920's.

Again the Government could have bought it, but the question didn't even arise—Mr. King had Laurier House. Conservatives thought of buying it for their new leader R. B. Bennett. Half the money for the project had actually been raised before Mr. Bennett personally vetoed the idea. When he was Prime Minister he lived in the Chateau Laurier.

Finally, after being on the market several years, Earncliffe was bought by the British Government as a residence for its High Commissioner, which it still is—a delightful place, one of the most gracious homes in Ottawa. Earncliffe is also old-fashioned, but it is unpretentious and charming; a little on the small side, perhaps, for a Prime Minister's residence, but what it lacks in size it makes up in warmth and homeliness. It also has the historical distinction of having been built by Canada's first Prime Minister. Had the Government seen its opportunity in 1891, any lacks or drawbacks would now be offset and excused by the tradition of seven decades.

Meanwhile the old Currier mansion had been sold in 1902 to Senator W. C. Edwards for \$30,000. It in turn came on the market again in 1943. The Government bought it for \$134,000, not as a Prime Minister's residence (Mr. King was still in Laurier House) but as a precautionary step to control the river front.

When the project of an official residence finally did come up, the Edwards house was there. It was ugly, it was obsolete, it had been bought for a different reason, but it was there. Ottawa decided that it would do. ★

NEXT ISSUE

Our Hush-Hush System of Banning Books

By BLAIR FRASER

Do you know that the Government will not release its list of books which are stopped at the border—a list which includes such important novels as "The Naked and The Dead"? Read the inside story of how Ottawa censors the books it doesn't want you to read.

DEC. 15 ISSUE

ON SALE DEC. 9

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to take a trip to Florida. The first step is to borrow enough money to go to Florida. You can pay it back at \$15 a month. This makes \$30 a month you are overpaid. Under each column, you enter in red ink \$20. This keeps track of the money you owe and makes you feel like an accountant. Now you look up some \$20 entry, like an insurance premium, and don't pay it. This balances the budget.

But how are you going to pay the insurance premium? For Pete's sake, stop worrying. Pay it next month. Next month you can hold payment on some \$40 item.

When you are writing \$150 in red ink at the bottom of the column, you have moved up into the major league of budgeting, or The Allen Budget Under Five Hundred Pounds Pressure. I declare a state of emergency at times like this. We close ranks. The kids usually try to hide their banks, but I can rug faster than they can. I steam stamps off old envelopes, take empty bottles and old magazine to the corner store and go through all my old suits for dimes. I also pawn my wife's engagement ring. (It's been in and out of the pawn shop so often since that the guy doesn't even bother to run it down any more. My wife is the only woman I know who has become engaged six times to the same man.)

You can do little exercises that will help you build up the right attitude

toward money. Take an ordinary dollar bill (borrow one somewhere). Lay it on the kitchen table and look at it and smile. Then have one of your daughters take it away while you keep your eyes on the spot, still smiling. Now work your way up through five- and ten-dollar bills. Soon you'll be able to keep smiling when you haven't got fifty or a hundred dollars! Have somebody play "Bluebirds of Happiness." That will make you realize how sad some people can get.

The main thing is that now, instead of floundering around in an impractical manner, you'll be operating like a bank or a stock company. You'll know how much you owe. When you get into too tight a spot, you can (a) get a better job at more money (b) have your wife get a better job at more money (c) sell something. Selling something is perhaps the best method.

For instance, I sold a house once for \$3,000 profit. Don't feel sorry for the guy. He sold it for \$3,000 profit, too. I went to California. It was marvellous. You'd be surprised how much fun you can have spending \$3,000. (I also bought a big fat health insurance policy out of it, so I've got you covered, Bud). Then I bought another house. At inflated prices? Sure. I guess so. I don't know. All I know is that I went to California and I have another house. I borrowed all the money for it, but who didn't? ★

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 14

between honest men each of whom believed himself right.

A trust-buster for 26 years, McGregor is a sea-green incorruptible. He believes with all his heart that price-fixing agreements are a crime against the people. He cannot be scared and he cannot be bought (though he has on occasion been ordered) off an investigation. He tried to investigate the flour millers once before. Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett, then Prime Minister, commanded him to lay off and kept him in his office doing nothing for two years. McGregor didn't resign then; he just waited, smoldering, for his old friend Mackenzie King's return to power.

On Sept. 15, 1947, when Ottawa took controls off flour and mill feed, the millers all raised their prices by the same amount. McGregor's suspicions were roused. He sent a man down to Montreal to make a quick raid. The man found minutes and correspondence going back to the early 1930's, which seemed to McGregor to indicate that a combine existed.

He called hearings. Almost a year ago he completed a report finding that an illegal combine did exist in the flour milling industry—that it began as early as 1936, continued without change throughout the war, and broke up only after his investigation had started. (As quite often happens, flour prices dropped suddenly after McGregor went to work.)

What McGregor didn't know, however, was that the particular price-fixing agreement of Sept. 15, 1947—the one that set off his enquiry—had been arranged and in fact commanded by the federal Government.

Controls came off flour at a time when the public was making a great fuss over the high cost of living. The Cabinet was worried about the political effect of any skyrocket rise in the price, especially of mill feed. The Finance Department sent an assistant deputy minister (Ken Taylor, who'd been funds controller at the Prices Board) to tell

the milling industry it had better be reasonable.

Taylor spoke to C. H. G. Short, president of Lake of the Woods Milling Company, who had been flour administrator at the Prices Board. All the millers, including Lake of the Woods, had intended to boost the price of flour the minute controls came off, by amounts ranging from \$4.25 to \$4.50 a barrel. But after some argument, Lake of the Woods agreed to co-operate and raise the price only by \$4.05.

When this became known, pandemonium broke loose in the milling trade. The other millers were furious; they accused Short of being a traitor to the industry, accused the Government of being a dictatorship. But Lake of the Woods stuck to its low price, and competing millers, still with means of rage and agony, fell in line.

That blew over. But then along came Fred McGregor to accuse these people, who had been dragged into accepting a uniform price far lower than they wanted to charge, of being a combine in restraint of trade.

When the McGregor report landed on the Cabinet table last winter, C. D. Howe hit the ceiling. So, when he heard of it, did Donald Gordon, who'd been chairman of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. The Prices Board had deliberately encouraged and even created price-fixing and zoning agreements for war purposes, to eliminate wasteful competition. In the flour milling industry there was no written order authorizing violation of the Combines Act (as there had been in some other industries) but anything done in the milling trade was done with Donald Gordon's consent, explicit or implicit.

Howe and Gordon both felt that the McGregor report placed them in the position of double-crossing men who had trusted them. They wanted it suppressed or at the very least rewritten.

Fred McGregor thought otherwise. Here, he declared, was a combine to fix prices. It had operated before the war. The fact that for the period of the war, the illegal custom of the industry had been tolerated temporarily, was no excuse in McGregor's eyes. He noted that there'd been no

out West Thodos and Kwong and Hood of Calgary and Wardien and rangy Ken Charlton of Regina had some big afternoons and evenings. That Calgary loop-over-the-tackle was an exceptionally effective play for their quick breakers. But for speed, experience and all-round brilliance we have to settle for three eastern stars: Howie Touchdown Turner of Ottawa, Royal Copeland of Argonauts and Tom Casey the colored mainstay of the Hamilton Wildcats.

Turner, the Carolina flash who regained his celebrated college style two years ago after a skilful knee operation, is in some ways the most valuable all-rounder in the backfield division. Very fast and elusive in the broken field or an end sweep, he can do a good chore on either end of a forward-pass play, is a good defensive back in the tertiary or at safety and ranks with Spith, Sandberg (Winnipeg), Casey and Krol (Argo) or Kijek (Alouettes) when they are in one piece, as one of our few remaining punters. He is a well-packed 170-pounder and a fierce competitor.

"A Dark Cloud of Joy"

Copeland has been a dashing, dodging, leaping flash for years and the inspirational driver of the Argonauts although only 26 now. The North Bay product of Toronto high-school football is a perfectly proportioned athlete of six-foot, 190-pound dimensions. His leg drive once more is amazing since recovering from an ankle injury that slowed him down in 1948. Time and again tacklers have had him stopped only to see him burst away again.

Deprived of his partner, the astute Josephus Krol, for a good part of the season, the Argo ace had to carry a double burden. He is a fair punner and though his tackling was unaccountably poor for a time, he has improved defensively too. It is as a runner and pass receiver, though, that he shines. His leaps into the stratosphere to haul down forwards are sensational for there is something of the circus athlete in this highly charged performer. He is, like Golab, an essential part of Canadian-style football.

The willing but overworked Wildcats appeared at Varsity Stadium one early season afternoon with a new arrival from the New York Yankees, a colored halfback just under six feet and weighing a deceptive 185. He had been at one practice and had not seen a game in

Canada. But a dark cloud of joy burst across the field that afternoon. This Casey struck out all right—in all directions and always at top speed.

Wildcats on defensive lapses, kick formation collapses and some hard luck continued to lose. Casey, the clean-cut, mustached, well-spoken colored chap continued to break away on flying rushes, leaving tacklers behind him with an uncanny swerve, shift and change of pace. In spite of the American habit of "nailing down" his left foot when waiting to kick, he got away some prodigious punts; he rushed about the premises to make remarkable tackles and went spiritedly at it all as if he considered the windy Hamilton Stadium his beloved alma mater. How the Yankees ever let him get away we will never guess.

Our trio of halves had to be good for once again we find ourselves worrying more about Wagner than a Conservatory student. But our fretting is about Virgil Wagner, not Wilhelm Richard. The Alouette Amerk has been such a consistent ball carrier from scrimmage or on the end of a pass, such a game, honest trier and modest team man in his seasons here that we would like him as a part of any club, real or mythical, that we could assemble. Then there is his team-mate, Toronto's Bob Cunningham, mettlesome young husky who is a great tackler despite two shaky shoulders that cause him to be taped until he is in the shape of a Coca-Cola bottle and a runner who ranks with Copeland although more of the cutting, swerving, tacking type.

Then our backfield might be faulted for lack of a blocker such as Puffinb of Ottawa or the placement-kicking Capriotti of the Tigers. Useful gents indeed. We used to generally pick a rearward of a passing Q.B., two speedsters, preferably with a kicker among 'em, and Golab and a recently exact facsimile of Tony—not too plentiful. In the West the big Edmonton import, Pierce, or Bandiera of Regina or Pantagne and the still rambunctious Paul Rowe of Calgary might qualify. But on a 5-4, Casey or Filchock could well look after a flank and with that in mind the wing line we choose contains a couple of huskies who can play the centre slot. Meanwhile just think of Turner, Copeland and Casey on the run.

No Time to Argue

One matter of anxiety of late has been the lack of large Canadian line-men. Where do all our whoppers get to nowadays? The old Argo infantry who carried the Double Blue to three Dominion titles showed flashes of their bone-crushing heat but are now a bit the worse for wear. Stock of Ottawa, McKennis of Beches, Lanson (Calgary), Valiquette (Wildcats), Stevenson (Alouettes), obiters McCance (Alouettes) and Mogul (Edmonton) and some others can hold their territory but it is so easy for the bank-roll clubs to go across the border and pick up ready-made insiders and middles from the colleges or veterans from the pro leagues. Why wait for our own to grow up? As most of our college grads mature enough for senior slugging do not continue in football and as it takes about three senior seasons to bring a large lad into the brown and experience needed to cope with the close-in experts from the U. S. A., it is easily seen that our native halfbacks and outside wings have a much better chance for regular play. And pay.

Centre, though, is one spot held here this year by a Canadian. Don Loney of Ottawa, big and football wise, a hard tackler, good play diagnoser and with Amerk experience in Carolina, is about the best in the business. Doug Turner,

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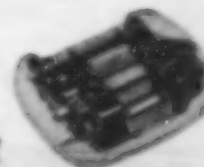
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Maclean's All Canadian

Continued from page 9

lacking such perfection could give a fairly good club the feeling and the appearance of a bunch of big boys trying to play football in a clothes closet. Prediction: next fall there will be a swing back to the single wing, double wing and what you might call the one-two-three alary system that used to lend variety to our gridiron shows.

It was both a good and a bad autumn for the oldest of the major leagues, the Ontario Rugby Football Union. Raids by western and Big Four clubs left the Tigers, 1948 banner winners, short-handed. In the fight for survival in Toronto, Balmy Beaches had managed to outlast their rivals, the Toronto Indians, but had taken such a financial beating in recent years that they came up in '49 with but a shadow of their former strength. For years the backbone of the league, their hard luck in the biggest town on the circuit shook the entire organization.

Aside from that, the Ontario Union teams had a good, close race featured by hard if not overpowering football. Sarnia Imperials continued to go along with their speedy home brews; Windsor Rockets, aided by two or three colored imported backfielders, revived a good deal of interest in that town which, in the past, has turned out so many rugby greats for other teams; and the battling Hamilton Tigers showed up with a hard-running, good-tackling club.

The loop, however, lacked a powerhouse such as the Beaches of 1946, the whirling Wildcats (when the team was in that loop) or the stylish Indians of a few years back. Many hearty shin benders, line crushers and dashing dodgers in the open field were among those present; Hapes and Caine, the Tiger imports; Stewart, the DiFrancisco brothers, Gaudsaur, Damiano or others of that same team; the jack-rabbit Knowles of Sarnia and their hard-tackling Fisher; McKennie, Beaches great lineman, held up somewhat by coaching duties and business; Mike, Krouse, Dawson and Murphy, the Windsor speed boys, and Ghetti, their playful big middle. But for once, and we say it with tears in the good eye, we have not placed one ORFU stalwart on our so-called All Stars. This, of course, will hardly ruin their entire winter but we, personally, do not like it because the senior conference has done more for football over the years than any other Canadian organization.

Buffaloes are Scarce

The other development, widespread (and some of them were very widespread indeed), the use on defense of the five-man line and the four-man secondary, was brought about by the practice in recent years of making the centre secondary on the 6-3 the target for the night. Or the afternoon. He had so much trouble to handle that many coaches moved back another lineman to aid him.

This lattice-work defensive lineup usually holds end sweeps in check and can be bothersome, when worked correctly, against the forward-pass attack. A heavy line smasher of the Boone (Alouettes) or Golab type will sometimes ruin it as he gets a good start through the "fives" and a real ram at the "fours" but such buffaloes are becoming scarce, mainly because no one, nowadays, will give the big fast linemen a chance to lug the ball in the old Sprague, Timmis, Laddie Camela, Ross Craig manner.

For the purpose of this treatise the 5-4 is mentioned owing to its demands on certain characteristics in the back-

uppers and the somewhat lonesome linemen in front of them, as well as the opportunity it affords the coach to use perhaps a lighter but faster man on the secondary on one of the flanks of the 5-4. All of which you may have noticed in this season's games, yourself, if you haven't been too busy working out the figures on the odds-book, which have also become an important feature of our fall pastime.

Well, Here We Go

So much for generalizations and what Mr. Weller, Sr., used to refer to as the alibi. Let's get at the selections, remembering that injuries still intrude on every lineup.

The quarterback having become more important than ever, we may as well start with that position and commence the debate by choosing Frank Filchock of Montreal Alouettes to fill in for our side.

Why Filchock instead of Spait of Calgary or Andy Gordon, Villanova's gift to Ottawa? Well, we could argue that one all night. Spait can pass, think, do a fair defensive chore and kick with anyone in the country. Gordon was a great find for the Rough Riders as he relieved Bob Paffrath for other chores and gave the Masters' men a solid front, a strong pass attack and fine field generalship. Andy is also a strong tackler and can butt a line for good gains when necessary.

So maybe we are picking Fearless Frankie on seniority. Perhaps we are influenced by the fact he was such a star in the National League with the professional New York Giants and is still just about in his prime. We think he is possibly a better runner than his brilliant rivals, being adept at faking a throw then bursting round the end. He is a wizardly ball handler and to do him on the run, ball in one big mitt, waiting for the right instant to whip one of his buzzing passes, is a treat fit everyone but the defense. In the early season games he seemed to have lost a step defensively and could have been developing one of those Montreal midriffs. But as the season progressed he got into his former pass defense and tackling stride and aided Lew Hayman notably as a field director when the other team had the ball.

After that let's try something easy—the plunging back or flying wing if you wish to give it the Ridley touch. Chorus—Tony Golab! Still the best, probably the hardest-hitting plunger of the past decade and certainly the latest tackler in modern football. The 215-pound Air Force man from Windsor, gifted with the large frame of his Polish ancestry, was starring as usual for the Ottawas when struck down about three quarters of the way through the season with serious injuries. This and added pressure of his flying corps duties probably means it is Antonio's last year upon the Canadian gridiron. The game will not be quite the same without this young veteran who came up with Sarnia Imperials a dozen years ago. His line smashes into the clear, his tremendous straight-arm and the way he could sweep in from his secondary spot to haul down the fleetest ball carriers or thump into the heaviest plungers all had a distinctive stamp. So, with his selection again this year, give our humble salute to a fellow who has been a splendid asset to our sport.

A season of frequent high-scoring games and one in which tackling at times seemed to be a lost art was made to order for the running backs and half a dozen standouts flashed across the chalk marks. We have mentioned some of the ORFU acrobats;

The Case of the Poisoned Cabbie

Continued from page 7

few minutes to give his own summation.

The ink trick not only diverted the jury's attention from the dangerous part of the prosecution's case, but, because it was a joke on himself, put Rivard in a sympathetic light in the eyes of the jurors. Rivard's client was acquitted.

To Rivard, such diversionary manoeuvres are all part of the game. "A lawyer," he says, "is sworn to fight with everything he's got, to defend his client as though he were defending himself, whether his client is guilty in the eyes of the law or not. A lawyer is justified in using every conceivable method to get his client acquitted. Anyone who thinks lawyers should only successfully defend innocent persons is foolish. In the first place it would be impossible; in the second, we'd need another 10,000 penitentiaries."

Rivard has scrupulously adhered to this concept whether defending a \$5 theft rap or a murder case. Starting in 1923 he took one client through four grueling murder trials over a four-year period and got her acquitted after a four-and-a-half-hour speech to the jury. He saved another woman's life with a summation of just 58 words—one of the shortest on record. And he got the son of a political opponent off a manslaughter charge with nothing worse than a \$25 fine.

As special crown prosecutor under Duplessis between 1936 and 1939 Rivard was equally relentless. He prosecuted 13 murder cases: twelve of the accused went to the gallows, one to an insane asylum. Of the 8,000-odd court cases he has taken a leading role in Rivard has won more than 6,600. Five thousand of these have been criminal cases. He has won 11 of the 17 civil cases in which he has crossed swords with Louis St. Laurent.

He has appeared in many of French Canada's headline-making courtroom duels. It was Rivard who sent Dr. Raymond Boyer to jail for espionage. In the more recent Jehovah's Witness trials Rivard has sent 150 members of the sect to prison.

During one of these cases when the defense argued that the "Witnesses" were being persecuted on religious grounds, Rivard produced some of the sect's pamphlets and books and read aloud from them for 18 solid days. Much of this contained scathing attacks on the Quebec Government. The judge agreed with Rivard's point that this could not be considered the teachings of a religious body.

He Resists a Temptation

It was Rivard who was the prime mover behind the sensational developments in the current Guay case. As Attorney-General in everything but name (Duplessis is officially his own Attorney-General and Rivard is *Ministre D'Etat*) the old trial lawyer checked every one of the 19 dead passengers of the ill-fated CPA plane and found that only one, Mrs. Rita Guay, carried flight insurance. This led to the arrest of her husband, Albert Guay, who stands charged with her murder.

During his arraignment the pale, mallow-faced Guay did not utter a word. But back in his cell in Quebec jail he quickly summoned the young lawyer representing him and sent him by taxi to Rivard's impressive, three-story, 11-room home at Bougainville Street and St. Foy Road.

The young lawyer lost no time in

explaining that Guay wanted Rivard to defend him. A battle light glowed in Rivard's eye. "There's nothing I'd like better," he said. "I think the Guay case would be the kind of tough fight I like—but I can't."

Four days later Rivard got a second call, this time from buxom Marguerite Pitre, whom the Crown claimed transported a time-bomb to the plane. If she was tried on a charge of attempted suicide, as she very well might be, would M. Rivard defend her? Again Rivard gave a regretful "No."

Later, Rivard told an acquaintance: "For a moment I was tempted to throw up everything and take the Guay case. I think it is the biggest, most sensational murder case we've ever had in Canada. It is the one case I would have liked to defend, but being in the Government and knowing the prosecution's side, I couldn't do so."

Rivard is a roly-poly man with thick black hair, a bushy, belligerent mustache, horn-rimmed spectacles and shrewd brown eyes. He stands just five feet five inches in his triple-soled shoes, and in courtrooms he often appears as a tiny David attacking a Goliath. A beerless diet has recently cut his weight from 176 to 155.

He is a natty dresser in light grey flannel suit, white shirt, polka-dot bow tie, gold diamond-studded cuff links and watch fob, pearl-grey silk socks and brown oxfords. His wardrobe includes three dozen expensively tailored suits and 216 bow ties, 100 of them polka-dotted. When he campaigned in 1948 in rural Montmagny riding Union Nationale organizers tried to make him wear rougher clothes for the factory worker and farmer voters. Rivard flatly refused. "They are not dumb," he said. "They have seen me in court." He won with a majority of 700 votes, a record for the riding.

Rivard Takes the Bait

Although he has been in the Government for only two years, and in the Cabinet for one, Rivard is already known as Duplessis' hand-picked successor. "Le Boss" expects to lead his party to victory in 1952 and hand over the reins before the next term is up. Duplessis, however, has known Rivard since law-student days 29 years ago.

It was Rivard who alone repeatedly warned Duplessis against giving full support to George Drew during the June federal election. He is the only Quebec Minister (including Duplessis) who did not speak in support of Drew's Conservative candidates in Quebec. On election night Duplessis phoned Rivard to congratulate him on his foresight. Last summer he offered Rivard the attorney-generalship of the province. Rivard turned it down. He told Duplessis the time wasn't ripe politically, but said if the offer was open in a year's time he'd take it.

Although he is Number 2 man in Quebec politics it is before the law courts that Antoine Rivard has made his name. This isn't surprising for as far back as anyone can remember, his ancestors have been distinguished lawyers and judges. His 104-year-old law firm (Rivard, Blais and Gobeil) is among the oldest in Canada. There has always been a Rivard in it. (His father was the late Hon. Mr. Justice Adjutor Rivard.) But in one marked respect Antoine has differed from his ancestors. Until he came along the firm had never taken a criminal case. Today it handles as many criminal cases as it does civil cases.

Rivard says a murder trial is the most exacting experience a lawyer can have and he always swears that such murder case is his last. Once in 1930

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long a rival (another Canadian by the way), started a little late with Calgary and Loney also retains enough of his early open-play training (he came off the Montreal sand-lots) to be an accurate snapper of the old Barker, Cox and Cummings school. Too many of these T-formation centres get so used to handing the ball out to the quarter that when it comes kick formation time and the booter should be back about 12 to 15 yards (most of them stand too close at that) the kicker looks like something seen out of the wrong end of the telescope and wild throws have been plentiful and costly.

For the inner line (and we haven't got time to defend ourself, so here goes) we have taken Aguirre and Matheson of Calgary for guards and Wagner (Ottawa) and Cassidy (Regina) for middles. Other imports such as the rotund and roaming Scott and his partner Campbell on a stubborn Wildcat wall and the veteran Travick of Alouettes, many times a choice, have been dangerous and durable and so much of a lineman's work goes unseen that every close fan has his favorite that he will often watch in preference to the ball.

First argument will be that Aguirre worked at tackle. On a 3-4 defensive the linemen are all about the same. The big Basque's finest work has been often done against the opposing inside. On the Calgary system he and another front ranker try to pile up the centre and slant-charge in such a way that it keeps the interference from getting a crack at the centre secondary. Last year in the Grey Cup final this worked so well that Chuck Anderson roamed free to make scores of good tackles against Ottawa. Aguirre, though, was the solid rock upon which much of the force of the Riders' drive was being broken. Big, fast enough, durable and young, this clean-cut grad from the Pacific Coast professional loop is an excellent all-round lineman. His partner Matheson, mate of a veteran, joined the Stampede this season after years of big-league experience and his rangy frame, quickness and familiarity with defense against the T has made him an ideal backer-upper. He is a tall, wiry, hard-looking fellow. He is good, when called on, to lead the interference on the attack. Les Lear has certainly picked his imported talent with care.

John Wagner, out of Carolina State U. and a term in the Eastern minor league, was Ottawa's best lineman in '48 and his absence from a large part of the final match was costly. His steady play, his ability to tackle, block, rush the kicks and the power and an added knack of being at home on either side of the centre have again been evident all this season. A scholarly young fellow working out-of-season for a master's degree, this fast six-footer (215 pounds of him), with good hands against interference, is an ideal middle wing. Also a good advertisement for the American imports who, in days gone by, were

sometimes looked upon as football "bums." Not often, mind you, but a gent like Wagner certainly makes it easier for the entry of Americans coming this way in the future.

To one Irish monicker on the team in Casey (the black Irish) we add another in Mike Cassidy, the powerful Regina lineman up from Alabama and enjoying his second season in the West. This tall, hard-charging right tackle can get into an opponent's backfield in remarkable style, fighting through blocks, knocking off mousetraps and with enough early foot to haul down the passer fading back for the throw. On a team plagued with injuries, Cassidy's fighting spirit has been a great "lift" and he can tackle downfield with the best of the ends. Four years on the strong Crimson Tide of Alabama reddied him for his role of Regina's most valuable player.

For the O.W.'s we have a repeater, Woody Strode, the giant Negro with Calgary. The other is a fast-moving Montreal product and a close candidate for three seasons, Matt Anthony, who arrived with Regina via the Alouettes and Ottawa. Strode, a long-striding, towering pass catcher is so well built he looks almost slim but he is a muscle man of parts, a pro wrestler in the off-season, an intelligent, fine-looking big fellow who can haul down Spait's sailers in a manner that is heart-breaking to the opposition and also cover his flank with a great reach of those powerful grasping hands. Anthony, an expert lacrosse player, has the "two-footed" running ability that comes to the performers in that hard-hitting, quick-breaking game. Matt is a big young fellow, very fast on the get-away, a good pass receiver and a fine tackler downfield or on formation.

Flip McDonald is a white counterpart of Strode starring with Ottawa. The entertaining Sugar Foot Anderson who plays the opposite end to Woody is a sky-scraping deceptively fast comedian. Red Bell of Regina, Chuck Anderson of Alouettes, Jones the diving Wildcat, Smylie of Argos (injured a good bit this year), turbulent Master Toohy of Alouettes and many other Americans or home brews featured in frays this year at outside wing but, if we had left out one of the above pair, Bill Clawson, the Blue Bomber's big battler from Minnesota, would have received the nod. He fought the good fight with a weaker-than-usual Winnipeg squad and with another season of our game to go on should be a standout.

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The Case of the Poisoned Cabbie

Continued from page 7

few minutes to give his own summation.

The ink trick not only diverted the jury's attention from the dangerous part of the prosecution's case, but, because it was a joke on himself, put Rivard in a sympathetic light in the eyes of the jurors. Rivard's client was acquitted.

To Rivard, such diversionary manoeuvres are all part of the game. "A lawyer," he says, "is sworn to fight with everything he's got, to defend his client as though he were defending himself, whether his client is guilty in the eyes of the law or not. A lawyer is justified in using every conceivable method to get his client acquitted. Anyone who thinks lawyers should only successfully defend innocent persons is foolish. In the first place it would be impossible; in the second, we'd need another 10,000 penitentiaries."

Rivard has scrupulously adhered to this concept whether defending a \$5 theft rap or a murder case. Starting in 1923 he took one client through four grueling murder trials over a four-year period and got her acquitted after a four-and-a-half-hour speech to the jury. He saved another woman's life with a summation of just 58 words—one of the shortest on record. And he got the son of a political opponent off a manslaughter charge with nothing worse than a \$25 fine.

As special crown prosecutor under Duplessis between 1936 and 1939 Rivard was equally relentless. He prosecuted 13 murder cases: twelve of the accused went to the gallows, one to an insane asylum. Of the 8,000-odd court cases he has taken a leading role in Rivard has won more than 6,600. Five thousand of these have been criminal cases. He has won 11 of the 17 civil cases in which he has crossed swords with Louis St. Laurent.

He has appeared in many of French Canada's headline-making courtroom duels. It was Rivard who sent Dr. Raymond Boyer to jail for espionage. In the more recent Jehovah's Witness trials Rivard has sent 150 members of the sect to prison.

During one of these cases when the defense argued that the "Witnesses" were being persecuted on religious grounds, Rivard produced some of the sect's pamphlets and books and read aloud from them for 18 solid days. Much of this contained scathing attacks on the Quebec Government. The judge agreed with Rivard's point that this could not be considered the teachings of a religious body.

He Resists a Temptation

It was Rivard who was the prime mover behind the sensational developments in the current Guay case. As Attorney-General in everything but name (Duplessis is officially his own Attorney-General and Rivard is *Ministre D'Etat*) the old trial lawyer checked every one of the 19 dead passengers of the ill-fated CPA plane and found that only one, Mrs. Rita Guay, carried flight insurance. This led to the arrest of her husband, Albert Guay, who stands charged with her murder.

During his arraignment the pale, sallow-faced Guay did not utter a word. But back in his cell in Quebec jail he quickly summoned the young lawyer representing him and sent him by taxi to Rivard's impressive, three-story, 11-room home at Bougainville Street and St. Foy Road.

The young lawyer lost no time in

explaining that Guay wanted Rivard to defend him. A battle light gleamed in Rivard's eye. "There's nothing I'd like better," he said. "I think the Guay case would be the kind of tough fight I like—but I can't."

Four days later Rivard got a second call, this time from bureau Marguerite Pire, whom the Crown claimed transported a time bomb to the plane. If she was tried on a charge of attempted suicide, as she very well might be, would M. Rivard defend her? Again Rivard gave a regretful "No."

Later, Rivard told an acquaintance: "For a moment I was tempted to throw up everything and take the Guay case. I think it is the biggest, most sensational murder case we've ever had in Canada. It is the one case I would have liked to defend, but being in the Government and knowing the prosecution's side, I couldn't do so."

Rivard is a roly-poly man with thick black hair, a bushy, belligerent mustache, horn-rimmed spectacles and shrewd brown eyes. He stands just five feet five inches in his triple-soled shoes, and in courtrooms he often appears as a tiny David attacking a Goliath. A beerless diet has recently cut his weight from 176 to 155.

He is a natty dresser in light grey flannel suit, white shirt, polka-dot bow tie, gold diamond-studded cuff links and watch fob, pearl-grey silk socks and brown oxfords. His wardrobe includes three dozen expensively tailored suits and 216 bow ties, 100 of them polka-dotted. When he campaigned in 1948 in rural Montmagny riding Union Nationale organizers tried to make him wear rougher clothes for the factory worker and farmer voters. Rivard flatly refused. "They are not dumb," he said. "They have seen me in court." He won with a majority of 700 votes, a record for the riding.

Rivard Takes the Bait

Although he has been in the Government for only two years, and in the Cabinet for one, Rivard is already known as Duplessis' hand-picked successor. "Le Boss" expects to lead his party to victory in 1952 and hand over the reins before the next term is up. Duplessis, however, has known Rivard since law-student days 29 years ago.

It was Rivard who alone repeatedly warned Duplessis against giving full support to George Drew during the June federal election. He is the only Quebec Minister (including Duplessis) who did not speak in support of Drew's Conservative candidates in Quebec. On election night Duplessis phoned Rivard to congratulate him on his foresight. Last summer he offered Rivard the attorney-generalship of the province. Rivard turned it down. He told Duplessis the time wasn't ripe politically, but said if the offer was open in a year's time he'd take it.

Although he is Number 2 man in Quebec politics it is before the law courts that Antoine Rivard has made his name. This isn't surprising for as far back as anyone can remember, his ancestors have been distinguished lawyers and judges. His 104-year-old law firm (Rivard, Blais and Gobeil) is among the oldest in Canada. There has always been a Rivard in it. (His father was the late Hon. Mr. Justice Adjutor Rivard.) But in one marked respect Antoine has differed from his ancestors. Until he came along the firm had never taken a criminal case. Today it handles as many criminal cases as it does civil ones.

Rivard says a murder trial is the most exacting experience a lawyer can have and he always swears that each murder case is his last. Once in 1930

Continued on page 60

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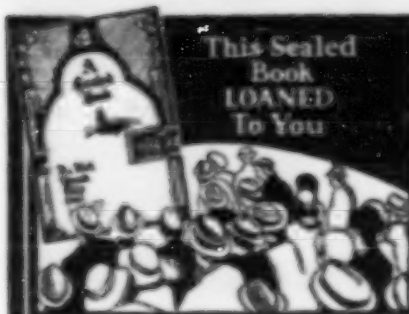
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lung a rival (another Canadian by the way), started a little late with Calgary and Loney also retains enough of his early open-play training (he came off the Montreal sand-lots) to be an accurate mapper of the old Barker, Cox and Cummings school. Too many of these T-formation centres get so used to handing the ball out to the quarter that when it comes kick formation time and the hoister should be back about 12 to 15 yards (most of them stand too close at that) the kicker looks like something seen out of the wrong end of the telescope and wild throws have been plentiful and costly.

For the inner line (and we haven't got time to defend ourself, so here goes) we have taken Aguirre and Matheson of Calgary for guards and Wagoner (Ottawa) and Cassidy (Regina) for middles. Other imports such as the rotund and roaming Scott and his partner Campbell on a stubborn Wildcat wall and the veteran Trawick of Alouettes, many times a choice, have been dangerous and durable and so much of a lineman's work goes unseen that every close fan has his favorite that he will often watch in preference to the ball.

First argument will be that Aguirre worked at tackle. On a 5-4 defensive the linemen are all about the same. The big Basque's finest work has been often done against the opposing inside. On the Calgary system he and another front runner try to pile up the centre and slant-charge in such a way that it keeps the interferences from getting a crack at the centre secondary. Last year in the Grey Cup final this worked so well that Chuck Anderson roamed free to make scores of good tackles against Ottawa. Aguirre, though, was the solid rock upon which much of the force of the Riders' drive was being broken. Big, fast enough, durable and young, this clean-cut grad from the Pacific Coast professional league is an excellent all-round lineman. His partner Matheson, more of a veteran, joined the Stampeders this season after years of big-league experience and his rangy frame, quickness and familiarity with defense against the T has made him an ideal backer-upper. He is a tall, wiry, hard-looking fellow. He is good, when called on, to lead the interference on the attack. Les Lear has certainly picked his imported talent with care.

John Wagner, out of Carolina State U. and a term in the Eastern minor league, was Ottawa's best lineman in '48 and his absence from a large part of the final match was costly. His steady play, his ability to tackle, block, rush the kicks and the power and an added knack of being at home on either side of the centre have again been evident all this season. A scholarly young fellow working out-of-season for a master's degree, this fast six-footer (215 pounds of him), with good hands against interference, is an ideal middle wing. Also a good advertisement for the American imports who, in days gone by, were

sometimes looked upon as football "bums." Not often, mind you, but a gent like Wagoner certainly makes it easier for the entry of Americans coming this way in the future.

To one Irish monicker on the team in Casey (the black Irish) we add another in Mike Cassidy, the powerful Regina lineman up from Alabama and enjoying his second season in the West. This tall, hard-charging right tackle can get into an opponent's backfield in remarkable style, fighting through blocks, knocking off mousetraps and with enough early foot to haul down the power fading back for the throw. On a team plagued with injuries, Cassidy's fighting spirit has been a great "lift" and he can tackle downfield with the best of the ends. Four years on the strong Crimson Tide of Alabama readied him for his role of Regina's most valuable player.

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ented. This gave Rivard a last chance to save Beatrice Chapdelaine's life. He carried the fight to the Supreme Court of Canada.

Again the newspapers jumped into black type when the Supreme Court justices unanimously reversed the verdict of the Appeal Court and ordered a new trial.

Rivard asked that the new trial be held in Quebec City (most of his toughest cases have been won on his home field) on the ground that newspaper accounts of the first two trials had prejudiced the Sherbrooke district against his client. His request was granted.

But Beatrice Chapdelaine was by no means out of danger. If anything, her fate seemed only more certain. The case still looked as black and hopeless as it had in the beginning. Rivard knew that the prosecution would again put Bernard on the stand and that he would again damn his sister to the hangman's rope.

"You know," Rivard told Gervais one day, "there's something funny about the brother's confession. I've had to learn to be a shrewd judge of people since I took up criminal cases, and I'm convinced that that man was lying."

"Come to think of it," Gervais agreed, "there did seem to be something vaguely wrong with his testimony. It seemed just a little too put-almost as though it had been prearranged."

"That's it!" said Rivard. "I'll bet it was prearranged. I'll bet Eugene Bernard was bribed to say it. We've got to get to him and force him to tell us the truth before the trial starts. It's our only hope."

Many Ways to Skin a Cat

"Oh, fine!" Gervais groaned. "He's in the penitentiary for 10 years. The prosecution certainly won't let us see him. But we've got to get him to confess that he was bribed to lie!"

"My dear Cousin," Rivard chuckled as he preened his thick black mustache, "you forget that there is more than one way to skin a cat. We shall see what we shall see."

The third trial of Beatrice Chapdelaine opened in Quebec City in the autumn of 1933. As Rivard and Gervais had feared, the Crown put Eugene Bernard in the witness box and he repeated his testimony that he had given his sister the arsenic to poison her husband. It looked as if the hanging of Mrs. Chapdelaine was a foregone conclusion. Rivard did not even bother to cross-examine Bernard.

But on the last day of his defense Rivard suddenly recalled Bernard to the stand. Dramatically, he confronted him with a paper.

"Is this your handwriting?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Is this a confession you signed while in the penitentiary?"

"Yes."

"Do you not admit in it that the testimony you have given before this court is completely false, that your first confession was all lies, and that you were forced and bribed to testify against your sister, the defendant in this case?"

"Yes."

Pandemonium. Spectators shouted, newspapermen fought their way to the nearest phones, and the prosecutor vigorously objected. The judge pounded his gavel and called for "order in the court." The prosecution's objections were overruled and Rivard continued.

"Was this confession freely and voluntarily given?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Do you now wish to repudiate any of it?"

"No."

Then it is true that all you have said before is lies and that you were bribed to make that false confession?"

"Yes."

Rivard cocked a sarcastic eye at the prosecutor. "Your witness," he said sweetly.

"No questions!" the prosecutor snapped back.

The Mantle of Perry Mason

It did not take the jury long to arrive at a verdict. "We find the defendant not guilty . . ." Three years in jail, thrice tried for the murder of her husband, twice sentenced to death, Beatrice Chapdelaine was free. It had taken Antoine Rivard three years, three trials, two appeals to the Appeals Court and one to the Supreme Court, but he had won his case.

It also had taken a secret midnight visit to the penitentiary cell of Eugene Bernard. Exactly how he managed to get into Bernard's prison cell, and exactly how he managed to persuade Bernard to confess, Rivard will not tell, on the grounds that it is a professional secret and might incriminate people who are still living. But he did it, and it established him in the eyes of the public as the Perry Mason of Quebec.

There are a few other loose ends in the Chapdelaine case that need explaining. One is the reason Rivard did not use Bernard's confession (the third confession in the case) earlier. He had sworn Bernard to strict secrecy about the new confession and had told him to carry on and repeat his testimony of the second trial. As the evidence of the first two trials could not be considered by the jury of the third trial, Rivard had to have Bernard's false testimony on the record so that he could refute it with his secret confession. To have introduced the confession on cross-examination would have given the prosecution too much time to think of ways to retaliate. To have introduced it at the very outset of the trial would have defeated his purpose. He had to use it not only at the most appropriate and opportune moment but at the crucial point of the case—a time when it could be used with full dramatic effect.

The question of who bribed Bernard to lie—if indeed, he was bribed—has never been determined. Bernard never said, nor did Rivard, and the crown prosecutor obviously did not care to press the question or he would have re-cross-examined Bernard.

From a legal standpoint there was another and even stranger question posed by the famous Chapdelaine case. For, while Mrs. Chapdelaine was acquitted on the murder charge, her brother served his 10 years in penitentiary as her accomplice in the crime—a crime which, technically at least, never existed!

The Chapdelaine case and its successful conclusion marked a new peak in the Rivard career. It illustrates his most consistent characteristic—persistence. In Quebec he is regarded as one of the most stubborn lawyers ever to create before the bar. This was vividly illustrated the first time he defended a client on a murder charge.

For four long years Rivard fought the Gallop case through four separate trials. And, in the end, the life of his client, a beautiful New Brunswick woman, hinged on the translation of an English sentence into French.

(This is the first of a three-part article. The second part, recounting the Gallop case and other Rivard triumphs, will appear in the next issue of Maclean's.) ★

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Every home-proud lady of the house loves the gleam of toilet bowl cleanliness. And the ones who know—they get it with Sani-Flush. It cleans away ugly stains and invisible, germ-y film in a jiffy. Makes toilet bowls sparkle without scrubbing. Disinfects, too.

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Sani-Flush

SAVES
MESSY
WORK



Continued from page 63
he positively decided to quit the "murder business," as he calls it. Then he received a phone call from an old law-school friend in Sherbrooke—Camille Gervais (now a judge of the Superior Court of Sherbrooke).

Gervais reminded Rivard of a law-school pledge to team up on the first promising murder case either of them got. Rivard told his friend he was handling no more murder cases.

"Well," nudged Gervais, "it would probably be too tough for you to win." Rivard snapped at the bait and thus stepped straight into the famous "case of the poisoned cabbage."

The Chapdelaine case, one of the strangest in Canadian criminal history, is still discussed in legal circles. It was Rivard's most famous and toughest case. It began when an East Angus, Que., taxi driver named Chapdelaine ate a bowl of tomato soup. A few minutes later he was stricken with severe stomach pains. He died three days later in hospital.

Chapdelaine's doctor was convinced that his patient's death had been caused by arsenic poisoning. All the symptoms pointed to it. The police were interested because Chapdelaine had carried heavy insurance and because neighbors reported that he and his wife had quarreled frequently.

Mrs. Chapdelaine, a good-looking but not exceptionally beautiful woman, was the beneficiary of several insurance policies, some of which had been taken out during the previous years and which provided double indemnity in case of violent death. The total sum involved was about \$50,000. The police decided to pay Beatrice Chapdelaine a visit.

The interview was singularly disappointing until one of the detectives went into the bathroom. On a hunch he looked in the medicine cabinet. On the shelf was a bottle bearing the label "Arsenic."

Two Confessions were signed

The detective wrapped the bottle in his handkerchief, put it in his pocket, but said nothing to Mrs. Chapdelaine.

Other men were put to work tracing the arsenic, and an autopsy was performed on Chapdelaine. The medical examiner found all the internal symptoms of arsenic poisoning but not the slightest trace of the poison itself. It seemed like a false alarm.

Then Dr. Rosario Fontaine, the Provincial Government's top medico-legal expert, decided to perform a second autopsy. He reported that while he found no trace of arsenic in the dead man's stomach, he had not the slightest doubt that Chapdelaine had been poisoned. He explained that because Chapdelaine had not died for three days the poison had passed through his body in the natural way or had been sweated out.

When police called again on Beatrice Chapdelaine she had disappeared.

Meanwhile, the arsenic found in the Chapdelaine house had been traced to Eugene Bernard, the brother of Mrs. Chapdelaine. He was picked up days later in Montreal, quietly lodged in a suburban jail where three days later he signed a confession. "I bought the arsenic and gave it to my sister because she wanted to poison her husband," he told the police.

The same day the police found Beatrice Chapdelaine in Montreal. She too was quietly lodged in jail and, like her brother, after three days she also signed a confession in which she admitted murdering her husband by putting arsenic in his tomato soup.

Mrs. Chapdelaine was charged with murder. Her brother was charged with

being her accomplice. To the police and the Attorney-General's Department, the Chapdelaine case was as good as closed. But they reckoned without Antoine Rivard.

The day the murder trial of Beatrice Chapdelaine opened in Sherbrooke that autumn of 1930 Gervais remarked to Rivard that their case looked pretty black and hopeless. "My dear Camille," Rivard chided confidently, "of course it looks black and hopeless. All murder cases look black and hopeless for the defense at the beginning. Otherwise, the Attorney-General would not dare to bring the accused to trial. But wait, we shall see just how black this case remains."

Somehow Rivard had found out that the police had taken not only Mrs. Chapdelaine's fingerprints but also those of her dead husband off the bottle of arsenic, which meant that the poison could have been either accidentally or deliberately self-administered. As a last resort he had the fact that no arsenic had actually been found in the dead man's body—a fact that could not help being potent with a jury of laymen, no matter how many medical experts tried to minimize its importance. Rivard had also found out by a little astute detective work that Eugene Bernard had flatly refused to testify for the Crown against his sister, on the grounds that his testimony might incriminate him in his trial as an accomplice to the murder.

The Prosecution Plays an Ace

The little lawyer was confident that he could get the two confessions ruled out as evidence. Mrs. Chapdelaine and her brother, he argued, had been held for three days in a suburban jail while police grilled them; they had not only not been charged at the time, but had also been denied their rights to a lawyer. The confessions, Rivard maintained, had been "forced" and obtained under duress. They were both "illegal and false."

But the judge allowed the confessions to be admitted as evidence. The jury took seven minutes to find Beatrice Chapdelaine guilty. The judge took only four minutes to sentence her to death.

Defeat only makes Antoine Rivard fighting mad. As he strode from the

courtroom a reporter asked him what he thought of the trial and Rivard uttered the words that were soon blazoned across the headlines: "I do not choose to accept the verdict."

The Appeal Court judges, in whose laps Rivard promptly dumped the case, did not accept it either. They unanimously ruled that the confessions had not been free and voluntary and had been improperly admitted as evidence. Rivard had dramatically produced several guards from the jail where Mrs. Chapdelaine and her brother had been held and they had admitted that the two had been given a tough third-degree treatment.

At the second Chapdelaine trial, which took place in Sherbrooke a year later before a new judge and jury, Rivard again took the offensive. But this time the prosecution pulled a fast one. Between the end of the first trial and the Appeal Court hearing Eugene Bernard had been tried on the accomplice charge, had been found guilty, and had been sentenced to 10 years in the penitentiary. At the second trial the crown prosecutor put him on the stand and he repeated his confession word for word. His dramatic admission that he had given his sister the arsenic "because she wanted to poison her husband," proved sensational newspaper copy. It also prompted the judge to make some pertinent remarks to the jury on the probable guilt of the accused.

Once again Beatrice Chapdelaine was found guilty of murder and once again she was sentenced to hang.

Rivard immediately appealed. He charged that the comments of the judge on the evidence of the brother had been "improper, unfair, prejudiced and illegal." The four Appeal Court judges studied the case for several months. At last they handed down their decision, and the newspaper headlines screamed: APPEAL QUASHED; MRS. CHAPDELAINE TO HANG!

The same reporter who had quizzed Rivard after the first trial again approached him and asked again what he thought of the case. "I still do not choose to accept the verdict," Rivard snapped. The newspapers had a new headline: RIVARD TO FIGHT ON IN CHAPDELAINE CASE!

The Appeal Court verdict had not been unanimous. One judge had dis-



"German, Polish, Ukrainian, Ruman—Canadians all—" whom Eva-Lis Wuorio mentioned in her article, "Western Journey," in the same issue? Should they call themselves, or be called, "Canadians" or "Canadiens?" Or should English- and French-speaking Canadians—and Canadiens—learn to call them by whatever words, if any, would be used in their ancestral languages for "Canadian."

Perhaps the most convincing reason against adoption of Mr. MacLennan's suggestion, it would tend to accentuate the present unfortunate tendency to make a distinction between French-speaking and other Canadians. Let us all be "Canadians."—J. S. Macdonald, Glace Bay, N.S.

Biting the Hand

Gordon Sinclair's belated betrayal of the hand that dined him from time to time during the last 29 years ("Beauty Contests Are the Bunk," Oct. 15) is one reason for my not renewing



my subscription. This, though he has posed his smiling well-barbered self so coyly with the "cuties" and "beef on the hoof" he now exposes and ridicules. Twenty years is a heck of a long time to be so untrue to himself.—Miss C. Wood, Toronto.

Nudists Floyed

Another article like "I Went to a Nudist Camp" (Oct. 15) and you can cancel my subscription and several more. Disgusting.—J. J. Montag, Webbwood, Ont.

• ... What is Canada coming to? ... —Miss H. L. Smith, Hampton Sta., N.B.

• Jack Scott must be cracked in the head to look for such an assignment, and especially to disrobe and mix with those idiots in the nude.—George H. Clarke, Kentville, N.S.

• One of the nicest articles you have had in a long time.—Marcus E. Reed, President, Canadian Sunbathing Association, Bristol, N.B.

He Saw Belsen

Sepp Rayer of Vancouver in your Oct. 15 Mailbag compares Coventry, Lidice and Belsen with Hamburg and Japan. It is quite evident that he did not see Belsen or any of the other death camps of the Germans. As a former

serviceman who entered Belsen as the Germans were leaving and who found 68,000 men, women and children reduced to the state of animals, who found many thousand dead from torture and starvation I am disgusted with the soft-hearted peace-at-any-price types who seem to be voicing their ideas these days.—James Clark, Edmonton.

The Cover Jury

This is the best cover (Oct. 15) you have had in months. I'd sure like to see more like it. Animals always make pleasing covers. —Norman Nelson, Ponoka, Alta.

• Lovely enough to frame . . . If the original isn't in a gallery it certainly should be.—Donna Leitch, St. James, Man.

• In six years I have noticed only two exceptionally good covers and they were outstanding. I am thinking of the one of October 15, and one of December 1, 1943, called, "While Shepherds Watched."—Bob Williams, Edmonton.

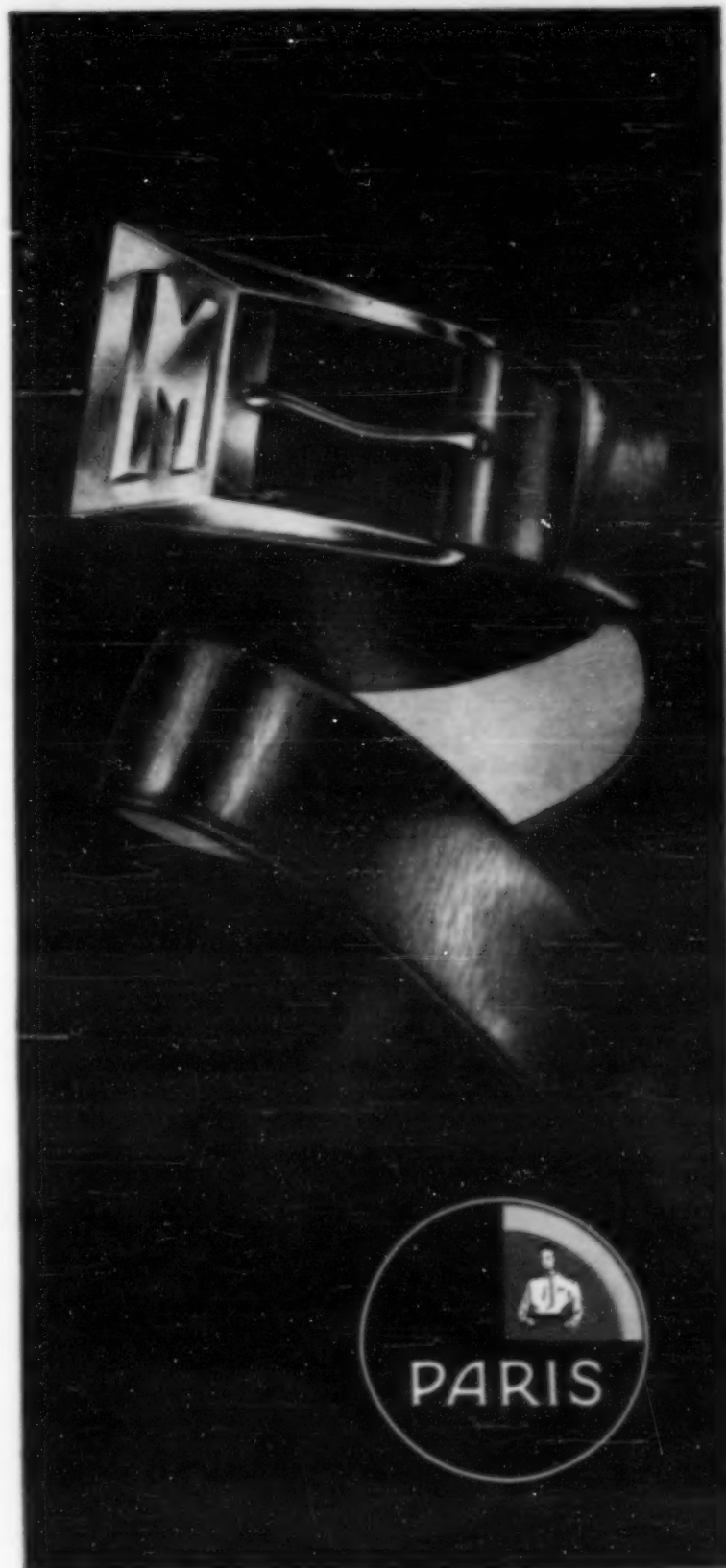
Dresden Deplored

I am writing to let you know how I welcomed the article which appeared in your magazine ("Jim Crow Lives in Dresden," Nov. 1) on segregation in Dresden, Ont. It will go a long way I hope in shaking out of their lethargy certain of our church leaders who are so willing to let preachment and Christian doctrine replace more direct action. Your article incidentally is in striking contrast to the one published by a certain other Canadian magazine recently advocating for Canada the very things that your story exposed.—Harvey S. Jarrup, New Toronto, Ont.

• My heartiest congratulations. You have done a fine job both in journalism and public service.—B. Harman, Toronto.

Mixed Up With Art

Thank you for the colorful picture of Niagara Falls by Rex Woods in your issue of Oct. 1 ("When Blondin Walked the Falls"). A pity the effect of such a delightful piece of work should have been ruined by the pantomime of the editorial about it. No commercial artist worthy of the name has to resort to Scotch tape and a gutter board, borrowing tights from his wife and weighing himself in like a jockey in order to portray such simple and obvious facts for one illustration (not a film). I have been mixed up with commercial art in London for over 30 years and my impression is that any Fleet St. artist would have "knocked this off" in his studio in a few hours for a small fee without two trips to Niagara.—C. S. Goods, Sidney, B.C.



Purely personal

INITIAL BUCKLES by PARIS

New and brilliant is this custom crafted buckle by "Paris". The highly polished black initial is mounted on a very masculine, modern tongue buckle. The belt is genuine top grain cowhide with a highly polished Cordo finish—smooth, supple, and long wearing. Add this smart "Paris" combination to your accessory wardrobe. "Paris" Buckle illustrated \$1.50—"Paris" Belt \$2.00—others from \$1.50 to \$5.00. See them at leading stores everywhere.

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MAILBAG

How to Make Fido A Mental Giant

I am a regular reader of your delightful magazine, which I always enjoy. In "Fido, Answer That Phone" (Sept. 15) you told of "Hector, that canine Einstein, the dog who always knew that two and two make four... When Hector began to get his sums right, he progressed to multiplication and subtraction until finally he could be given almost any problem..."

My clumber spaniel, Jimmy, whom I raised from puppyhood, could do all simple sums—addition, subtraction, division; how old any lady in the room was and how old she looked (a good deal younger, of course) and he practically never made a mistake. Jimmy was known by all my friends and patients, and none ever solved the secret. That is what I want to tell you now...

A healthy dog will hear sounds inaudible to man. A high-pitched whistle is not necessary. A dog will hear and respond if you simply rub the fingers of one hand together.

I started training Jimmy by getting him to bring a postcard with its corner

bring back the card with "Master" written on it.

Poor Jimmy died, age 11 years and three months, with a growth in his spine. I saw to it that he had a very peaceful and painless end. — Dr. William Pitt-Payne, Bromley, Kent, England.

False—or Splendid?

To portray Captain Reoch as a swaggering, cursing bully and union buster ("Hot Water Skipper," Oct. 15) is altogether false, and I am sure the many union employees of the company would be the first to say so... I am prepared to wager anything I own with this Hamilton person that it is untrue that Captain Reoch was ever known or spoken of, either ashore or afloat, as Captain God or Captain Sin.—H. Town, Port Colborne, Ont.

● AM GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR SPLENDID REOCH STORY. MACLEAN'S TIMELY AS USUAL. PLEASE CONVEY BEST THANKS TO FRANK HAMILTON.—Campbell Carroll, Public Relations Department, Canada Steamship Lines, Montreal.

Diagnosis for Baxter

I have enjoyed Maclean's Magazine for many years and Mr. Baxter's letters not least among its many excellent features, but his comments (Oct. 15) on Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman" surprised me by their superficiality. Apparently the interregnum afforded him by his trip on the Empress of Canada was too short. Mr. Baxter should make the crossing under sail next time. The criticism implicit in the play seems to me to be criticism of a set of values which exalts synthetic personality and leadership at the expense of real work and solid achievement. I doubt whether the remedy for this orgy of competition can be found in any "ism" and I agree with Mr. B. that revolution cures nothing. Mr. Miller offers us no solution, but diagnosis is the first step on the road to recovery.—Mrs. A. Fraser, Kinderley, Sask.

The Scouts Liked It

In justice to the artist, I feel I should reply to the "Cruel to Scouts?" letter (Oct. 15 Mailbag). May I say that the family all chuckled and enjoyed the drawing (Sept. 1 cover). My husband is District Scout Commissioner up here, both my sons are ardent scouts and they all enjoyed the joke.—Mrs. John W. Mackenzie, Arntfield, Que.

Canadians All

Hugh MacLennan's suggestion "that everybody in Canada, of either language, get the habit of using both the English and French words for 'Canadian' may be 'brilliant,' as you say in the editorial (Oct. 1) but to me it seems a bit silly... What about the



Jimmy knew who the racial was.

turned up (making it easy for him to pick up) to me on hearing the rob of my fingers, never forgetting to give him a reward, like a piece of liver. Then I put 10 of these cards (each with a number on it) in a row about a foot apart and made him walk up and down behind the cards, talking to him all the time: "Think well, Jimmy," "Remember that this is a subtraction, not an addition," and so on.

When he got opposite the card with the right answer I would keep on talking but gently rub my fingers behind my back. He would promptly bring the card to me. It took me about three months hard work for about half an hour every day to get him perfect. The trick was never spotted by an onlooker.

Quite elaborate sums could be done. Then I would put each member of the company's name on a card below the number. He would be asked such questions as "Who is the prettiest girl in the room?" and choose the one I told him to. Or, "Who is the biggest racial in the room?" and he would



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"But I do, dear," the crab protests. "It's just that I can't afford to get plastered every day."—*Calgary Herald.*

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Ask at your favorite
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WIT AND WISDOM

Youth in Rebellion—In the Sudan a 60-year-old man threw a rock at his grandpa. This juvenile delinquency problem is world-wide. —*Calgary Albertan*.

Gets Around Halitosis and Germs, Though—The Beck San Sun says that "next to feeding out to a dead horse, kissing over the telephone is the most useless waste of energy we know of." —*Toronto Star*.

Saved By Bell—A girl in a hypnotic trance was revived by a telephone call. Almost any mother of a teen-age girl knows how it works. —*Port Arthur News-Chronicle*.

Feminine Remnant—A human jawbone a million years old has been found in South Africa. You can't wear out some jawbones. —*Peterborough Examiner*.

Wrecks the Neck—Undermines the Spine — Crooners and soap operas have been known to give people the jitters at times. Now comes an authority on posture and bone structure to say that television fans may develop what he calls "tele-squat" and also "telecrane" spinal ailments.

Those persons who sit in a slumped position on the edge of their chairs and gaze for long periods at a small

screen are doing the "tele-squat." They are forcing the base of the spine to bear most of their weight. This is said to be poor posture in any circumstances and can induce low backaches and other disturbances. —*Hamilton Spectator*.

Osculatory Illusion—A physician says kissing shortens life. It makes life seem shorter because it makes time pass more quickly. —*Brantford Sun*.

Bouquet to Banquet—A botanist is said to be developing edible flowers. Before long, we suppose, people will be wearing bouquets to the office and eating them for lunch. —*Guelph Mercury*.

No Great Harm Done—From Pennsylvania State College comes the alarming news of the employment of a robot professor. But it appears he is only coming to instruct other professors. —*London Free Press*.

Until Love Strikes Him—A bachelor is a man who knows he is no match for a woman. —*Brandon Sun*.

Strikes the Wrong Key—Some men have got into trouble through buying flowers for their typewriter instead of ribbons. —*Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph*.

WILFIE

By Jay Work



MAI (my) ZETTERLING
Glamour Is A Part-Time Thing



Comes a year-end, the custom is to make up lists and issue forecasts. On British films this season, these will be passing strange.

Who could guess that Mai Zetterling would be scoring twin hits as the super-blonde of **QUARTET** and the pathetic economic of **PORTRAIT FROM LIFE**? Her next is **LOST PEOPLE**.

In this, she again intrigues audiences by proving that, given brains, beauty and personality, glamour can be cultivated like cucumbers or rubbed on and rubbed off like lipstick.

Even odder is the undisputed fact that the British in this day of crisis, are coming up with the most refreshing new comedy style since W. C. Fields. This consists of taking highly original ideas and tearing them into very small pieces with a straight face.

After **PASSPORT TO PIMLICO**, added evidences: **KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS** or **Eight Murders in Three-Quarter Time**; **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND** or **Scottish Humor May Be Taken With Or Without Water**; **CHILTERN HUNDREDS** (Possibly to be called **YES M'LORD** or something quite different) or **Strange Bedfellows Make Politics**.

The curiosity of the last six seasons is the suspense-thriller, **OBSESSION**, also called **THE HIDDEN ROOM**. It looks as if it was based on Britain's sensational acid-bath killings. But the film was almost finished before the culminating crime even occurred; then banned till an actual murderer could be caught, convicted and hanged.

In **ANIMALAND**, cartoon country, peopled by David Hand characters, an amiable squirrel named Ginger Nutt in 1949 out-distanced the pack in popularity. For the monthly **THIS MODERN AGE** subject, the heaviest audience demand now comes from teen-agers who want facts but want them guaranteed straight.

To be sure you see these J. Arthur Rank films, ask for the playbills at your local Theatre.

An **EAGLE-LION** Release



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Theatres or local theatre

WIT AND WISDOM

Youth in Rebellion—In the Sudan a 60-year-old man threw a rock at his grandpa. This juvenile delinquency problem is world-wide. —*Calgary Albertan*.

Gets Around Halitosis and Germs, Though—The Back Sun Sun says that "next to feeding cats to a dead horse, kissing over the telephone is the most useless waste of energy we know of." —*Toronto Star*.

Saved By Bell—A girl in a hypnotic trance was revived by a telephone call. Almost any mother of a teen-age girl knows how it works. —*Port Arthur News-Chronicle*.

Feminine Remnant—A human jawbone a million years old has been found in South Africa. You can't wear out some jawbones. —*Peterborough Examiner*.

Wrecks the Neck—Undermines the Spine — Crooners and soap operas have been known to give people the jitters at times. Now comes an authority on posture and bone structure to say that television fans may develop what he calls "tele-squat" and also "telecrane" spinal ailments.

Those persons who sit in a slumped position on the edge of their chairs and gaze for long periods at a small

screen are doing the "tele-squat." They are forcing the base of the spine to bear most of their weight. This is said to be poor posture in any circumstances and can induce low backaches and other disturbances. —*Hamilton Spectator*.

Osculatory Illusion—A physician says kissing shortens life. It makes life seem shorter because it makes time pass more quickly. —*Brantford Sun*.

Bouquet to Banquet—A botanist is said to be developing edible flowers. Before long, we suppose, people will be wearing bouquets to the office and eating them for lunch. —*Guelp Mercury*.

No Great Harm Done—From Pennsylvania State College comes the alarming news of the employment of a robot professor. But it appears he is only coming to instruct other professors. —*London Free Press*.

Until Love Strikes Him—A bachelor is a man who knows he is no match for a woman. —*Brandon Sun*.

Strikes the Wrong Key—Some men have got into trouble through buying flowers for their typewriter instead of ribbons. —*Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph*.

WILFIE

By Jay Work



MAI (my) ZETTERLING
Glamour Is A Part-Time Thing



Come a year-end, the custom is to make up lists and issue forecasts. On British films this season, there will be passing strange.

Who could guess that Mai Zetterling would be scoring twin hits as the super-blonde of **QUARTET** and the pathetic amnesiac of **PORTRAIT FROM LIFE**? Her next is **LOST PEOPLE**.

In this, she again intrigues audiences by proving that, given brains, beauty and personality, glamour can be cultivated like cucumbers or rubbed on and rubbed off like lipstick.

Even odder is the undisputed fact that the British in this day of crisis, are coming up with the most refreshing new comedy style since W. C. Fields. This consists of taking highly original ideas and tearing them into very small pieces with a straight face.

After **PASSPORT TO PIMLICO**, added evidence: **KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS** or **Eight Murders in Three-Quarter Time**; **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND** or **Scottish Humor May Be Taken With Or Without Water**; **CHILTERN HUNDREDS** (Possibly to be called **YES MY LORD** or something quite different) or **Strange Bedfellows Make Politics**.

The curiosity of the last six seasons is the suspense-thriller, **OBSESSION**, also called **THE HIDDEN ROOM**. It looks as if it was based on Britain's sensational acid-bath killings. But the film was almost finished before the culminating crime even occurred; then banned till an actual murderer could be caught, convicted and hanged.

In **ANIMALAND**, cartoon country, peopled by David Hand characters, an amiable squirrel named Ginger Nutt in 1949 out-distanced the pack in popularity. For the monthly **THIS MODERN AGE** subject, the heaviest audience demand now comes from teen-agers who want facts but want them guaranteed straight.

To be sure you see these J. Arthur Rank films, ask for the playbills at your local Theatre.

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"...You can say *that* again!"

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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

WE KNEW things were going from bad to worse but had no idea how bad they could get: till we received the following report from a lady near Valcartier, Que., describing a drunken orgy indulged in by a host of thrushes, robins, yellow grosbeaks, finches, jays—all our most upstanding feathered friends turned into dipsomaniacs by (swears our informant) a wild-cherry tree.

"I walked past nine Canada jays sitting on a ladder, stupid as owls;



not one moved. One which was absolutely plastered sat in the tree for three days—a lost week end, no doubt. I poked him with a stick and he was just able to grasp another branch and pull himself up to lean against the tree again.

"Many smaller ones dashed themselves against the porch screen and were killed. The air was filled with them, circling, dipping, zooming, zigzagging like crazy, and ever returning for just one more..."

Hoping to ward off in advance the protests of bird lovers, we checked this item with a naturalist we know who said there were authentic cases on record of birds getting stiff on brewery mash ("They'd hop from branch to branch and miss a mile," he recalled happily.) but he didn't see how it could be blamed on wild cherries. "Anyway," he added, "those Canada jays are so stupid they look drunk most of the time."

...

Busy Toronto doctor had just driven his wife to a friend's home for an evening of bridge when he got worrying about a patient at the hospital. "You go on in. I'll just run down for a minute and be back immediately," he assured his annoyed spouse, and drove off before she could say a word. Well, the patient was doing nicely so off he went to the party, which turned out to be a large and gay affair full of people he knew and with whom he chatted pleasantly as he moved about the room. Couldn't see his wife anywhere, though, so presumably she wasn't missing him too much and he'd just take the oppor-

tunity to buzz back to the hospital for another checkup. Had to stay a little longer this trip, then back to the party wondering if his wife was about ready to go home. Found her without trouble this time, mad as all got out because "you promised to stay at the hospital no more than five minutes and you've been gone all night!"

"Why, I came back; I was right here... I was—" spluttered her husband, at first aggrieved, and then with growing doubt. He'd still like to know whose party he crashed.

...

From Devon, in the heart of the new Alberta oil country, comes the story of some folks from Edmonton out to see just how this oil business was carried on. They arrived at one derrick just as the crew were about to change bits, or something, and were hauling up one length of pipe after another to be slung overhead from the derrick.

"Where's all that pipe coming from?" asked one lady, completely baffled, as length after length popped up out of the drill hole.

"Hub?" gasped the driller, taken aback by the question. Then when he realized he'd heard her right he waved an arm toward another drilling rig not far away whose crew were easing length after length down the hole. "See—they put them in over there and we haul 'em up over here."

...

From the Maritimes, where apparently folks gossip just as unkindly as they do anywhere else, comes this



indignant, paid notice from a newspaper:

"I am correcting a story that's been going around about — being sent to the mental hospital. That is incorrect, he is still in the Maritime Penitentiary. If any more malicious gossips are started the person will be dealt with."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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